The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 43 NO. 2
Lessons for May
FEBRUARY 1956

Still, White Hour

Dorothy J. Roberts

Not inexorable in their power,
The years and distance lend a still, white hour.

On mounded hush, you cross, and leave no trace,
The long way back to me through time and place.

And far beyond the field's unsullied snow
You lead me to the land of long ago—

The rutted lane, the gelding's crystal track.
By these familiar places I come back

To humped canal and quilted arc of hill.
A tingling pulse denies the evening chill.

Companioned still, I mark the winter dune;
In your eyes pool again the opal moon.

On blades of steel I sign the frozen pond,
Your crossed hands clasping mine in mittened bond.

Your words are vapor on the frosty night;
Each murmur but a passing mist of white.

With muted step along the fettered streams,
I walk with you the land of youth and dreams.

The Cover: Flats and Old Windmill Relic in Wickham Terrace
Brisbane, Queensland, Australia
Photograph Courtesy Australian National Publicity Association
Submitted by Leah Liljenquist

Frontispiece: Mount Olympus, Utah, and Meadow Land in Winter
Photograph by Peterson Studios, Salt Lake City, Utah

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

May I tell you how much I like the article "Wearing a Pretty Face," by Mabel Law Atkinson, in the October 1955 issue of the *Magazine*. It is one of the most inspiring features I have ever read. I am reminded that time for New Year's resolutions is drawing near, and among those which I shall make I shall incorporate the philosophy contained in Mrs. Atkinson's article. And just to make certain that I remember to wear a pretty face myself, I shall keep a copy of the October *Magazine* handy so that I can refer to it often.

—Edna Day
Idaho Falls, Idaho

I particularly enjoyed the story "The Scarlet Cloak of Love," by Lane Stanaway Christian in the December *Magazine*, and also the lovely poem "Christmas Night," by Eva Willes Wangsgaard. The poem is an exquisite piece with a deeper meaning implied! I was proud to be in the same issue with that fine work!

—Maude Rubin
Santa Ana, California

I was proud of the story "The Scarlet Cloak of Love," by Lane Stanaway Christian in the December issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and the poem "The Greater Part," by Della Adams Leitner, my Idaho friends. I also enjoyed the article "Mother Had a Way," by Leone E. McCune. I met her at a writer's convention in Logan some time ago. By way of commendation for the literature lessons, I might say that while attending a convention in Boise last fall, I was seated between two college professors, teachers of English literature. During the dinner their conversation turned to the great writers of the ages. I was surely appreciative of the fine course of study which has been given us in the literature lessons, for I was able to follow them and join in the conversation.

—Frances C. Yost
Bancroft, Idaho

I like the serial "Hermanas" currently running in *The Relief Society Magazine* very well. It has more to it than some of the other serials have had, and its effectiveness is enhanced by the foreign setting. It is beautifully written, and the Church element is brought in naturally—not thrown in.

—Dorothy Clapp Robinson
Boise, Idaho

I especially enjoyed and appreciated the short articles in the August issue. How simply stated, yet how powerful are the *sermons without preaching* in "Light Bulbs," by Elsie Scott; "An Invisible Means of Support," by Caroline E. Miner; "Watchers," by Kate Richards (I needed this); "Trouble," by Lucille R. Taylor; "A Song of the Heart" (lovely, lovely), by Elsie Sim Hansen; and "Look to the Mountains," by Blanche Johnson. How beautifully and effectively stated are the timeless values in "Family Patterns" (editorial by Marianne C. Sharp). My heart sang a prayer of gratitude as I read it. Since that first reading I have reread it many times and have caught a glimpse of the glorious possibilities that are mine as a mother and grandmother — and I hope a great-grandmother. I am glad for the help this article gave me in teaching these truths to my group in our home. I am deeply appreciative for all the help we receive in our effort to get our own to see the importance of courtship, its sacredness and meaning in the joyous married life anticipated. Surely our leaders are inspired in the messages they give us through our *Magazine* from time to time.

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Salt Lake City, Utah

We certainly appreciate *The Relief Society Magazine* and receive much joy and instruction from reading through each publication.

—Asael T. Sorensen
President
Brazilian Mission
Sao Paulo, Brazil

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Leadership

Elder Adam S. Bennion

Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 28, 1955]

SISTER Spafford, Sister McKay, I think it was Elbert Hubbard once who was asked, "Is a woman as good as a man?" and he made that classic remark, "She is if she is." Now, having heard these singers and these speakers, they are!

It is an honor to be here. The comprehensiveness of the presentations, the loveliness of this music—Berkeley is a kind of second home to me, and I'd like these lovely ladies to go back with my tribute that this has been some of the most beautiful music I have ever heard—and to think that it comes from one of the stakes of Zion—this is a wonderful Church.

I have been assigned a subject—there are many things which I think I should like to talk about this morning—but I have been given the subject of *leadership*. I hesitate to launch it because you do such an eminently good job, I know you are wonderfully well led, and all of you are the leaders of this great organization.

Since childhood, I have been brought up on the sanctity of the Relief Society tradition, the tradition of helpful, unselfish service. Sister Bennion always insists this is the finest organization in the Church, and though I am a Sunday School man, we never quarrel.

Here is an institution which all through its illustrious history has been guided by the inspiration of leadership. As a matter of fact, I am impressed that good leadership is the key to every organization that succeeds. Civilization over and over bears witness that that statement is true. Try to imagine the advancement of Greece without Plato and Socrates and Aristotle. Think of Rome without her Caesar and her Cicero, or England without Gladstone, Disraeli, the Pitts, and Churchill. And what might America have been or not have been without Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Lincoln?

I have thought of the progress of this great organization. You try to think of it without the achieving inspiration of such leaders as Emma Smith, Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. H. Young, Bathsheba Smith, Emmeline B. Wells, Clarissa S. Williams, Louise Y. Robison, Amy Brown Lyman, and Belle S. Spafford. A man is proud to pay tribute to that kind of women leaders in very deed.

Leadership has made this organization memorable all through the history of the Church throughout the stakes and down through the wards. Week after week, as we go out to these conferences, we thrill at the goodness of the people. It is wonderful to come into an audience like this. That roll call to me was tremendous. I could not afford to sit and let one stake detract from a one-hundred-per-cent response.

NOW, under your gracious invitation, you want to become still better leaders, and you give to me the invitation to think through for a few minutes with you what it is that makes for leadership and the development of power in it. I am mindful that leaders are born as well as made, and we cannot all be equally strong. You remember the words of Abraham:

> Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones;
>
> And God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said: These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born (P. of G. P., Book of Abraham 3:22-23).

No one can read the history of God's work and not know that he has chosen his inspired leaders. We cannot all reach the heights of Abraham, but we can all add to our stature. Under stimulation and direction, we can more nearly approach our potential, and so, if I may enjoy the spirit of this remarkable occasion, and the spirit of the Lord, I should like to offer you five suggestions which we have developed in the last quarter of a century in the world of business as we have undertaken to build leaders in a great organization.

I come to you today with the conviction that the principles, the basic principles, hold in religious circles quite as they do in secular realms. These suggestions are a little homely; they have come from men who have achieved. They are from sales managers and plant superintendents, crew foremen in a workaday world, and they smack a little of the earth. They are couched in terms of the shop and the field; they are in the language of your sons who earn their bread by the sweat of their faces. I have to ask a little indulgence. I have debated whether I should do this. I am talking to a group of lovely and refined women, and I am going to bring you some English that isn't of my training (that used to be my major field, and so I am aware of the colloquialisms), but I like the effectiveness of the way these men have said these things. And so will you take them, right off the vine, and if you are a little annoyed at them, you refine them, will you? I am sure the sense is good; the words are a little on the rough side. As a matter of fact, I bring them to you in a sort of recipe. I left the house this morning with the odor of chili sauce in my nostrils.

I was impressed, Sister Romney, with your description of Central America — I want to see that some time, but I want to tell you in the fall of the year, it's hard to beat chili sauce.

Now, will you let me bring you a homely kind of recipe. This almost smacks of chili, too.

FIVE suggestions which have been given me, and which have been worked out, and which have been translated into courses of leadership. I take you where you are; I bid you to aspire to be stronger tomorrow than you are today, and in that spirit, I bring you these suggestions:

1. You gotta know your stuff.
2. You gotta understand people.
3. You gotta spread a contagion.
4. You gotta see through today to tomorrow.
5. You gotta have help.

NOW, you needn't worry if I went a little bit fast for you, because I'm going to back up. But that's it, and I just want to fill in a little.

Will you pardon that "gotta." G-o-double-t-a. It isn't in the dictionary, but I like it. It carries with it a kind of compulsion, if you would achieve the end result.

First, you gotta know your stuff. The man who said that, for twenty years had been the leading salesman in our organization, and he said there is no substitute for it. You who lead in the field of social science or in work projects or in theological lessons or in visits to the home, did you notice the comprehensiveness of the suggestions of Sister Spafford this morning? To be equipped, really to know what to do, an executive must know—a leader must be familiar with a wealth of information.

For years I have been saying the man who presumes or aspires to be a leader should know more, or should be learning more, than anybody in the group to be led. Now that makes provision for the young worker. He may not know so much now, but he can be learning faster, he can be working harder. I am always impressed that Jesus spoke, ". . . as one having authority . . ." (Mt. 7:29). Inspired of his Father, he knew the word, he knew the truth.

The Prophet Joseph was asked, "What do you believe?" and he gave in answer that tremendous statement couched in the Articles of Faith. No man could have done that who was not prepared, prepared under the inspiration of God Almighty. He was the Prophet's teacher.

I cannot tell you where you will get your information; did we have the time to expand it, I would just weary you. The plain fact is that a leader—can't improve on the language—*you gotta know your stuff.* You teach a lesson, you must know it. You've gone through it, you know it thoroughly well. You cannot teach well when you prepare your lesson on the way to Relief Society meeting. The best teacher prepares his lessons months in advance and matures them and dreams about them, and fills them in and enriches them.

Suggestion No. 1, *You gotta know your stuff.*

I was thinking of the second one all the time Sister Romney was speaking. See the contrast, from the classic loveliness of the music of Berkeley Stake to the native costumes and the bare feet of Central America—and we are called to minister in both fields. "*You have to understand people.*" And be able to make the allowance to adjust. Look, every leader must have followers, and the followers are people, and people are born into the world with instincts which they develop out of an environment—and people are what they are. (If there were more men here, I'd say some of us are odd creatures.)

People are a challenge. I have

been working with young people all my life. You work so hard to try to understand youth, and you just begin to feel that perhaps you do a little bit, and along comes a new generation—new slang, new dress, new everything. I salute you, if you understand your group. I confess that I do not. And the more people I see and work with, the less I seem to know about them. But it is a fascinating challenge to try to understand them. Why do some people get bored, and why are some people annoyed, and why do some people never seem to warm up to the truth? This is part of your challenge. With their feelings, with their inertia, with their aspirations, with their occasional prejudices, with their fixed opinions sometimes. How do you understand them, and how do you appeal to them to move them? What a study!

A leader must be aware, first of all, of all these differences, and then he must have the genius to reconcile them and to inspire a response. It is one of the great challenges of leadership!

The third suggestion, "*You gotta spread a contagion.*

We have an odd way in America, whenever there is a contagious disease, we hang a little yellow strip out on the door saying, "You better not come in, you'll come down with something." I wish I had the genius to put a little badge across every leader's forehead which would invite in these terms, "Come on in and mingle with us, and you'll *come up with something.*" We haven't done it, I wish we might. I would like to have the genius to do that.

"*You have to spread a contagion.*" Look, some days are tough, some days you are tired, some days you are worn out, I know that. I was in a home the other night where there was a little family of seven children, and I wondered how the mother keeps it up. The everlasting who, where, why, and how—men have such an easy task as compared with women who bring up and train and nurture little children. I have always said it, I salute them.

Now I know you get tired, and when things go wrong, I suppose you get a little out of sorts, but the tough days will never make a leader out of you if the discouragement gets you down. "*You gotta spread a contagion.*"

Leave the ills and the worries and the unfortunate things back in the closet. When you go out to Relief Society, take the cheer, rise above the circumstance, and aspire to inspire fine workers. This is scant treatment of a homemade recipe, but it is there.

What do they come up with from you? I can't put it better than that. They are tired, too, and they are a little discouraged, and they are having some difficulty, and sometimes their husbands are unmindful of them. Sometimes they are facing catastrophe; sometime they are trying to climb up out of sin. What do you do for them? That's the challenge of spreading a contagion—you just have to reach out with the spirit that gives them the buoyancy of soul that will lead them to accomplish their aspirations.

And the fourth suggestion, "*You gotta see through today to tomor-*

row." The leader always is a man of vision. Let me get into my own group. The leader is a woman of vision. She is a long-range worker. She is a pioneer of thought. She plans ahead, so that she always knows the next move. She looks the year's work through. That gives her time to arrange the details for the program ahead. Special days, special occasions, fascinating problems, and challenging and intriguing questions. By being prepared in advance, she can anticipate all of those. More than that, she can meditate along the way. A preliminary thinking conjures up new ideas, and the more you turn them over, the more they breed additional ideas. The trouble with eleventh-hour preparation is there is no time for hatching the idea.

This is crude, particularly in this presence, but no hen ever hatches an egg in a hurry. She sits—as a matter of fact—I like it a little better if you say she "sets," and you gotta "set" long enough to warm the eggs to hatch them. I want to tell you, some of us sit on ideas, and we are so cold and the period is so brief, they can never be "hatched." Well, pardon the crudeness of that —I came off the farm, you'll soon understand.

Will you let me borrow another figure from the farm? "Once you look over the fence, you can see the field out ahead, but you can never see the field if you are all the time looking behind the fence." You gotta get up where you can see, "*you gotta see through today to tomorrow.*"

"Well, you are gracious and patient. I want to give you the fifth point.

"*You gotta have help.*"

Real leaders are always strong individuals, but they are seldom soloists. They solicit help, and they capitalize on the strength of the men they lead. Every man and every woman has some contribution to make. That is the glory of being children of God. Nobody is born into the world, so far as I am able to find, wholly devoid of ideas, and the wise leader capitalizes on the strength of his group. There is a little bit to be added by every woman here this morning; could we clear the decks here, there would come a suggestion from every good woman in this presence, and the sum total of what you give is the strength of this gathering.

NOW, you work in the field of religion. I want to close with the thought that brings you the real help. I am just back from a stirring experience up in the Northwest, with the boys who are up there on missions. I've listened to their testimonies, and one boy stood up and said, "I was frightened; I was nearly afraid to death when I first came, I seemed such a kid, but, you know, I soon learned I never called on a home alone." I like that. He said, "Somebody seemed always to go along with me, and it wasn't just my companion."

Dinsmore said it beautifully, "If no help had ever come from God" (if you get nothing else out of what I say today, take this one back, will you? I would have read for weeks to get this line), "If no help had

ever come from God, the impulse to pray would have died out long ago."

After you have done all that you can, after you have worked to the full of your capacities, after you have given your whole concern and your whole heart to this labor, you go out with the wonderful assurance that there is help for you.

I think one of the richest promises in all sacred Scripture is Doctrine and Covenants, section 112, verse 10—it is a favorite of mine—"Be thou humble; and the Lord thy God shall lead thee by the hand, and give thee answer to thy prayers." And that promise we give to you fine workers. You do not work alone. You need help, as the boy said, "*You've gotta have help,*" and it is yours for the asking.

And so, summing it up in a word: *you gotta know your stuff; you gotta understand people; you gotta spread a contagion; you gotta see through today to tomorrow; and you gotta have help.*

Do you want to translate this homely little recipe into a tangible idea? I bid you to observe the First Presidency of this Church: I think one of the strongest First Presidencies in 125 years. I pay them that tribute. This honored wife today of one of the greatest prophets ever to live could give you the intimate witness that leadership is bestowed upon that Presidency, because they have achieved it, and it can be bestowed upon you, on the same terms.

God bless you and sustain you and magnify you, I pray, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Snowscape

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

We reached the snow-wrapped hilltop where a blast
Of wind caught up a plume of smoke and hurled
It fiercely at the clouds. Below, a vast
Array of wintered hills made up the world.
The drifts were deep and furry on our hill
Where rippled shadows, blue and violet, lay;
But mountain peaks were calcite-sharp and chill,
Majestic, crystalline, and far away.
The house from which the blue-gray smoke had climbed
Lay with its sheds, half-hidden in a swale.
They seemed just smaller hills all winter-rimed
Till someone walked there, swinging a sunlit pail,
A sign of homely warmth, a fruitful stall;
And peace, no longer cold, lay over all.

Second Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Keep Me Forever

Margaret Hardy

MARGARET HARDY

ELLY sat in the middle of her father's potato field, her braids nearly brushing the ground as she rested her head on her knees. There was no shade anywhere, so she sat between the rows that she had been hoeing. Picking up her apron, she wiped the perspiration from her face and sat absently examining the dirty place it left. The clumsy, hateful hoe lay on the ground beside her, waiting to be used again. She looked at it, then at her father to see if he could see her sitting there. He could, for he called to her, and she stood and picked the hoe up again. Her muscles ached from all her stooping, and she stretched her stocky body out thin. When she turned her head from side to side, she could see clean, cold snow high on the Alps bordering their valley, and she wished she had a handful to rub in her face.

As she stood wishing, she heard a loud, distressing cry coming from the house. She saw her father spring up and stand still to listen. The sound came again, closer this time, and they could see the mother in the yard, leaning against the fence post, by the gate. It was Papa's name she was calling, but in no ordinary way, and Papa and Elly dropped their hoes and ran across the field, jumping over potato plants as they ran.

Papa ran faster than Elly, with his long legs, and shoes to protect his feet from the sharp stones; so when Elly reached the gate, Papa was helping Mama into the house, and Mama was bent over, and was hardly walking at all.

Elly didn't know why she had run, and now that she was there, she didn't know what to do. So she went to the watering trough and splashed water in her face until it trickled down her braids and made her blouse cool and wet. She heard Mama cry out again from the house,

but this time she wasn't calling anyone, but making noises that a ten-year-old didn't understand. She went to the goat pen and let the goats chew on the stick she had in her hand. Mama cried out again and again, and Elly dropped her stick and clutched her fists to her mouth and cried, too. She wanted to run in the house and see what all this was, but she didn't dare, for if Papa wanted her, he'd call.

And he did call then, a roaring, demanding call, and Elly jumped and ran like a deer in the forest.

"Elly!" he shouted. "To the village! Run! Fetch the doctor for Mama. *Run*, Elly. Hurry!"

Elly stood frozen to the spot, stiff with terror. Something was terribly wrong with Mama, and she wanted to see, but Papa barred the way.

"Elly," he shouted, and took hold of her shoulders and spun her around and started her down the path. "Doctor Hoggenheimer! Get him!" he roared after her

PAST the bake oven and through the ox corral she ran, and down the rutted road. She wanted to cry, but she had no breath. Her bare feet scraped the stones in the road and a knife stuck in her side, but she thought of Mama, and kept running.

A peasant woman drove an ox cart piled high with hay, and Elly climbed on the back to ride. But it bumped and jostled along so slowly that she jumped off and ran on down the road again.

In the village, she found the street and the house where the doctor lived. With both her fists she pounded on the door until it opened, and an angry looking servant woman with both hands on her hips stood looking down on her. Elly shook with fear, and choked on the words she tried to say. Tears sprang into her eyes, and it was several minutes before she could say anything at all. Then she tried to tell the woman about Mama, but before she was finished telling it, the woman had told her the doctor was not there, and had closed the door.

Elly sat down on the stoop to get her breath and cry, and didn't know what to do, because there was no one there to tell her. The doctor would come when he came home, the servant had said, but when would that be? Papa said to hurry, she thought, but what good is there without the doctor?

It was coming into evening, and Elly left the stoop, and wandered through the village, watching the shopkeepers lock their doors. Farmers' carts, loaded with fresh vegetables for sale in the morning crowded the street. The bell on the textile mill tolled, and women and girls poured out of its doors. Like sheep they swarmed, and Elly pressed herself up against the leather shop wall to let them pass. A few of the girls stopped and gathered around two young men, one of whom stood preaching. Their talk was muddled, and Elly couldn't understand what they said, so she walked on.

There was a goose boy in the street, piping his goose song, and she thought of Peter in the hills with *his* geese, and she decided to walk home with him.

She left the village and walked across the field and followed a path that ran alongside an old canal. The earth felt damp and smooth under her bare feet. She stooped and picked a bunch of daisies, and then there were so many, she walked in them, and watched them bend down under her feet and spring up again.

NOT far from the farm was the hill where Peter was, and Elly climbed to the top of it and sat to rest. Below her she could see her house, nearly hidden by trees, peaceful and quiet. Seeing it, she remembered her errand, and ran down the goose trail and caught up to Peter. He turned at her call and waited.

"Elly Bohmer! Where did you come from?"

"From an errand to the village, silly boy," she panted, and she ran around the goose herd, shooing the hissing geese back together again.

"For your mother, no doubt, to buy some trifle." Peter swung his stick around importantly.

"It was for my father I went. Mama was in great pain, and I ran to the village to fetch the doctor. He must surely have come, for I can't hear her now."

They were nearly to the gate, and suddenly Elly couldn't bear to wait longer to see Mama. Up the road she raced, leaving Peter with his geese behind. Up the path and through the door of the cottage she burst. Inside, she stopped short. It was dark in the house after the bright outside, and no one had lit a candle. As her eyes grew used to the darkness, Elly saw Papa sprawled at the table with his head in his hands. Mama wasn't bustling about cooking the supper, so she must be outside in the yard. She turned to go back out the door, when she saw a hump under the quilt on Mama's bed. It looked like Mama, but Elly couldn't be sure, because the quilt was pulled up over her head. She went to pull it down to look, but Papa looked up.

"No, little one, don't touch it. Your Mother is gone."

Gone? But Mama must be here. Where could she be gone to? Elly asked herself. She turned questioning eyes to her father, but his head lay on the table again. Bewildered, her eyes rested on the old cradle, waiting there for the new baby that was soon to come. It stood near Mama's bed, and Elly had only to look from where she stood to see inside it. With a cry she reached her hands into the cradle, but her father's voice stopped her again.

"No, Elly, little one. The baby, it is gone, too."

Elly didn't understand. The baby was there, but it didn't move, so it was gone, and Mama, there under the quilt—and she turned and fled from the house to find Peter.

Peter was fourteen, and knew everything. He would know about this, too. She caught up to him, running through the goose herd, scattering them every way. Catching his arm, she pulled him to the side of the road and down on the grass of the ditch bank. Peter thought Elly played a game, and started to twirl her braids around, overjoyed at the attention.

But Elly was sobbing and talking,

and through it all, Peter heard of her grief, and understood, and thinking himself to be a man, he cried out, "I'll take care of you, Elly. You'll be mine from now on, and always. One day a piece of my father's farm will be mine, and then I'll marry you."

So Elly stopped her weeping, and clung to Peter, and loved him as well as a ten-year-old could.

* * * *

ELLY stayed on at the farm with her father and kept house, and learned to do all the things Mama had done. Sometimes she felt like a woman, and tried very hard to please Papa, and make him happy. But there were times when her child heart took over, and she romped in the grass, and played with the goats as she had done before. And there were excursions into the hills when she took a long stick in her hand and waved it over the geese while Peter piped his goose song. But these days were not as they had been, for she was getting older, and didn't feel the same with Peter alone.

When she was thirteen, she took work in the textile mills, as did the other girls her age. Each morning she walked down to the village by the road that she had run over so frantically those years before. And each morning as she walked, she thought of Peter, who would be waiting for her at the door. And of Gabrielle, who stood next to her at the loom, who thought Peter to be so very handsome, and told Elly about it every day. Elly had never looked at Peter to think him handsome, or anything but just Peter, but Gabrielle made her see him through new eyes, and so she thought of him often.

Some days when they left the factory together, they saw two young men standing in the square, one always preaching. Peter liked to listen to them, for he was a scholar, and understood much of what they said. Gabrielle often stood with them, and sometimes she slipped her arm through Peter's in the way that city girls did, holding him close to her. She pretended to understand all that the two young men said. Then as they walked through the village, Gabrielle would jostle Peter, and tease him, tossing her head so that her hair danced on her shoulders.

Elly had let her braids down when she went to work at the mill, and to her dismay, her hair hung straight and feathery, like corn silk tassels. It hung down her back, nearly to her waist, and she held it back from her face with a ribbon. She felt plain beside Gabrielle as she danced and laughed beside them, so she looked down at her feet as she walked, and hardly spoke at all until Gabrielle turned off on her own road.

One day as they stood side by side at their loom, Gabrielle and Elly, Gabrielle put her hand into her pocket and took out a piece of paper and handed it to Elly.

"I have something for you, Elly," she whispered. "It's from Peter. He told me to give it to you."

"Something for *me*, from Peter?" and Elly took it and thrust it into her apron pocket, until such a time as she could read it.

At noontime she ran to find a corner where she could be alone.

Her hand held the note tightly in her pocket, and she trembled inside with excitement. Sitting on the floor with her back against the wall, she opened the folded paper and read:

To Elly,

You are my friend, and I will think of you always. But my heart belongs to another.

Peter

Elly sat dumfounded. She read it again, and then again, but each time it was the same, and she rumpled it tightly in her fist. Then, knowing she was too old, she sat and cried as she had cried on the doctor's stoop when the door had been closed to her, for a door had been closed to her again. She went back to her loom, but she couldn't look at Gabrielle standing by her, for surely Peter's heart must belong to her.

WHEN the evening bell tolled, Elly slipped out the door, and there stood Peter in his usual place. He stepped toward her to greet her, and Elly, amazed, stopped still and looked full at him. Then she picked her skirts up in her hands and fled through the village street. The astonished Peter dropped his mouth open, and stood staring, glued to the spot, and when he ran, she was already far ahead.

"Elly!" he shouted. "Elly! Wait for me. Where are you going, Elly?" But Elly didn't turn her head, or stop her running.

Peter stopped near the preaching men, wondering what to do, and as he turned, Gabrielle was at his side.

"Gabrielle! What is it with Elly? I waited at the door as always, but when she came, she ran from me. Has she spoken to you?"

Gabrielle didn't answer, but she slid her arm through Peter's as was her way, and led him along, talking to him of the carnival that was to come.

When Elly saw Peter after that, she hurried the other way, and soon Peter did the same. Sometimes she saw him strolling with Gabrielle dancing along beside him, holding on to his arm. But mostly she saw him as she left the factory, listening to the missionaries. She wondered what they had to tell, but she didn't stop now, because of Peter.

Gabrielle had never once spoken of Peter to Elly since the day of the note. But one day Gabrielle was disturbed, and she couldn't hide it. Elly didn't ask, but when the girls ate their noon lunch, Gabrielle talked to Elly, and Elly listened. She looked very dark.

"Peter goes to America soon," she pouted. "He goes alone."

Elly ate on in her usual way, but she trembled inside. Peter to America! It was unbelievable. And Gabrielle hadn't won his heart. This made her smile a little. But Gabrielle had more to say.

"It's those preaching men," she said bitterly. "They told him to go, and he does everything they say."

Elly stopped eating and drew herself up straight in front of Gabrielle.

"Peter believes in them," she said. "It's their gospel that he loves. And if he says it's so, it's so." And she looked defiantly at Gabrielle. But defending him brought

tears, for she had lost him surely, for he was going away.

* * * *

WAS it two years? Three? Elly could never remember how long it had been that Peter was away. The road from the village to the farm had grown much, much longer, and each week was a month. There were new missionaries preaching in the square, and Elly stopped often to listen. Gabrielle had left the loom next to Elly's, for she had soon found a new love, and she had told Elly every day how handsome he was, until she had married him and gone away. The note had long since been forgotten by Gabrielle, but not by Elly. The words of it were engraved on her heart, and she could never forget it, for her heart had told her how it was.

One day when Elly was eighteen years old, she stood listening to the missionaries from America. The young man who was talking finished, and stepped down from the box he was standing on, and another took his place. He stood and looked all around him, at the leather shop, and the mill, and the farmers with their carts, and at the people with their faces turned up to him, waiting. And he couldn't talk.

Then, instead of this clean-shaven young man in a dark suit, so full of emotion, with his hands in his pockets, Elly saw a boy in short leather trousers and a peaked little hat with a feather stuck in it. In one hand he carried a goose stick, and in the other a flute. And Elly dreamily reached her hand up to where her braids had been. But the gray eyes of the young man were the same in his sun-tanned face, and the teeth, when he smiled were Peter's. Elly wanted to snatch his hand and run with him through the daisy field and up to the goose pasture, but that would have to wait until a later day, for Peter was a missionary.

A happy shiver ran through her body as she stood watching him, and she listened to his message, for he was talking now. He finished, and the people started to drift away, but Elly stood still and waited. When he came, she caught his arm and pulled him away from the people and stood with him by the leather shop wall. And she wept, and Peter comforted her as he had done when she was a child. For yesterday was their childhood, with all that it held, but tomorrow would be soon — and forever.

Margaret Hardy, Salt Lake City, Utah, appears for the first time as an award winner in the Relief Society Short Story Contest, with her entry "Keep Me Forever."

"I am overjoyed by the news of my story being awarded second prize," Mrs. Hardy writes, "as it will be my first published story, my other publication, an article called "A Good Day," having appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine*. I am not affiliated with any writing groups. I have studied voice and writing at the University of Utah and have done singing locally. I am the Primary chorister; I sing with the Singing Mothers, teach a Sunday School class, and am a visiting teacher in the Relief Society of the Forest Dale Ward. I have worked in most of the auxiliaries of the Church. Mine is a family of three children, an assortment of pets, my husband, and myself. I enjoy skiing, tennis, and painting, and I work at learning to play the piano, with no success as yet."

The Australian Mission

Preston Nibley

IN the summer of 1840, ten years after the Church was organized, a young convert in Hanley, Staffordshire, England, named William Barrett, seventeen years of age, who was about to make a voyage to Australia, was ordained an elder by George A. Smith, of the Council of Twelve, and appointed to labor as a missionary in that country. He arrived in Australia and delivered his message, but it is not known that he made any converts.

Two years later, Andrew Anderson, one of the first converts baptized in Scotland, by Elder Orson Pratt, in 1840, moved to Australia with his family and located at Sydney, New South Wales. In 1845 he reported to the Church Authorities in Nauvoo that he had baptized eleven people and organized a branch of the Church.

The real beginning toward the establishment of a mission in Australia was made in 1851, when Elder John Murdock of Salt Lake City, Utah, was appointed by the First Presidency to open a mission in that land. He was

Photograph submitted by Leah Liljenquist

THE MURRAY RIVER FROM THE NEW SOUTH WALES SIDE AT COROWA, AUSTRALIA

Photograph submitted by Leah Liljenquist

THE BURRAGORANG VALLEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA

accompanied on his journey by Elder Charles W. Wandell, and the two brethren arrived in Sydney on October 30th. Through their diligence they soon established a thriving branch of the Church, and the work of proselyting has not ceased since that time.

New Zealand became a part of the Australian Mission in 1854, and the two countries were known as the Australasian Mission. From 1880 to 1897 the headquarters of the mission was at Aukland, but in October 1897, two separate missions were formed.

In 1930 the membership of the Australian Mission was 1,313; in 1954 the membership had increased to 3,053.

President David O. McKay made an extensive tour of the Australian Mission in January 1955. During July 1955, the Australian Mission was divided into the Australian and South Australian Missions. This was done by Elder Marion G. Romney of the Council of the Twelve, who had journeyed to Australia for that purpose, acting under the direction of the First Presidency. Before the division of the mission, there were twenty-five Relief Society organizations. Elder Zelph Young Erekson is president of the Australian Mission, and Sister Ada Irene Soane Erekson presides over the mission Relief Society.

There Is Still Time

Chapter 1

Margery S. Stewart

IT was the dream that awakened her. Elizabeth opened her eyes quickly. She felt suffocated from the quick beating of her heart. She sighed with relief at sight of familiar pale green draperies, white bars of Venetian blinds through which night flowed darkly.

She was trembling. It was only a dream, she told herself, but the fear persisted — the building-on-quicksand feeling that was with her so much of the time. Brent, beside her, turned over, mumbled in his sleep.

Elizabeth crept out of bed, put on robe and slippers. She slipped down the hall to the twins' room. They were fiercely asleep, Johnny with the red Indian paint still showing on his forehead, Jennie with her new set of Gene Autry guns on the blanket over her stomach.

Elizabeth went quietly to her oldest daughter's room. The door was firmly closed. She lifted her hand to knock, but thought better of it. Elaine was impassioned these days about her right of privacy, " . . . after all when one is sixteen!" She spoke it in *caps* all the time, as though the year sixteen was a gateway into a land no one else had ever entered and out of which she would never emerge.

But there was one room which held no fears, and, as yet, no annoyances — Donna's room. It had originally been intended for a dressing room and was rather small, but Elizabeth had seen its possibilities at once and the result was almost as charming as its occupant.

Donna opened her eyes when Elizabeth bent above her bed. She smiled sleepily in welcome, her dark eyes luminous, her dimples showing. "Can I really go to school when it's September?"

"Really, my darling."

"I'll be awful big then, won't I?"

"So—o big."

Donna smiled and turned over on her side, her dark curls slipping across her cheek. Elizabeth pulled the sheet higher over the small, outflung arm. Love made a soft singing inside her.

I should go back to bed, she thought, the dream was just one of those frightening ones. She stamped her feet lightly. You see, she scolded herself, your feet are strong and well, nothing wrong with them, nor with your legs, nor you, for that matter. But still the soft winds of apprehension brushed along her neck. She felt her way down the stairs, crossed the enormous living room and the almost as large dining room into the kitchen. Here she felt free to turn on the lights, bang the refrigerator door, rattle pots and pans. She felt a slight pang in the small tasks. Once she had been queen of the kitchen, but now Matilda, large and dark and bustling, had full command. The twins were slavish in their adoration. It was, "Let's ask Tildy to

make us some lemon cookies . . . . Maybe Tildy will make us some taffy this afternoon."

Elizabeth lit the fire under the milk.

"MAKE some for me, too."

She whirled, then relaxed at sight of Brent, short, stocky, his thick light curly hair rumpled, the overhead light twinkling on his glasses. He draped himself on the stool.

"Wake the whole house when you go tiptoeing around."

"I do not."

"Certainly do. Johnny had a coughing spasm right after you left . . . . Jennie started yelling something about the Khyber Pass, and Elaine came out to demand, and haughtily, that the family leave her in peace."

Elizabeth laughed. "But I didn't even go near Elaine. I only stood outside her door."

"She said she could hear you breathing in the hall."

"She didn't!"

"You know she did. You know very well that even the way we eat soup these days is more than she can bear."

Elizabeth tightened the cord of her robe. "Too true." She brightened, "But Donna was glad to see me."

Brent smiled wryly, "So glad that she is now in our bed . . . in the exact center . . . and we are homeless for the night."

"I'm sorry," Elizabeth said. She got down another cup and saucer. "Toast?"

"No thanks, I think I'll have some of Matilda's banana bread. Any left?"

"No. Johnny."

"Confound it! I told him to leave at least a crust."

"He forgot. I'll tell her to make some more tomorrow."

"But I wanted it tonight." His good humor was melting away. The sharp impatience that possessed him so much of the time, lately, edging back.

She said quickly, "There's cake. Here, let me get it for you."

He scowled. "Kids never give you a thought, just themselves . . . all the time . . . selfish . . . thoughtless. Look at all I give them. New bikes for the twins just yesterday. They hardly said thanks."

"Brent! they were thrilled to death. It's just that they're used to getting things."

"Bert Neibar's boys really stand around for him . . . follow him around like a couple of puppies."

She bit her tongue. She would not say again, "But Bert Neibar gives the boys more than things . . . he gives them himself . . . games, hiking, Church on Sundays . . . the three of them." She took a deep breath. "What about the lot of us going on a picnic, come Saturday, down to the beach?"

"Corny."

"Take the boat out?"

"Rather not."

"Go down to San Diego to the zoo?"

"I've got enough monkeys in my own house." His smile vanished. "I think they're planning a new tract over in the valley. I'm going to go look at it. I want to make a good bid. If I get to build those houses you and the kids can wear ermine this winter."

She put the cup of milk before him. "I don't want to wear ermine."

"Mink, then."

"Nor mink."

"A'right a'ready! Four o'clock in the morning, and you decide to be unreasonable. What's the matter with you lately . . . no gratitude?. Nothing in this house but arguments and fights . . . the kids fight . . . we fight . . . everybody growls all the time."

She spoke quickly, before her courage could ooze away, "When are we going to start rearing them together? They need you, Brent. When are we going to start doing for them all the things we've meant to do, Church, family days . . .?"

"Now, Eliza, you know you've been just as busy as I have, trying to get us where we are today. Besides, I just can't start any projects now. I've got enough on my hands." He drank his milk swiftly, tension beginning to show in the working muscles of his jaw. "All I ever get around here is criticism."

SHE said swiftly, throwing him the new thought as a caged man might throw a bone to a pacing lion. "I had the strangest dream. That's what woke me up . . . the strangest dream."

He looked at her with lackluster eyes. "Everybody gets weird dreams."

She sat on the other stool. "This will make you laugh. I dreamed we were having a party . . . oh, a really gala affair, like the one the Jafferey's had last week."

"That was something!" He stopped the cup at his lips. "Butlers all over the place. I'll bet that cost old man Jafferey . . . ."

"It was like that, only more beautiful. The grounds were so green and velvety and there were pieces of statuary here and there. I was waiting to receive my guests . . . and Brent . . . ." She put her cup down. "I looked down at myself and I was leaning on a pair of crutches."

"Crutches!"

"Yes, but they weren't ordinary. They were gold and silver crutches . . . really beautiful."

He reached for more cake. "It was the junk Lois served us tonight. Honestly, how that woman gets by serving the stuff she does . . . ."

"Lois' buffet was delicious, Brent. Anyway, I hardly touched it. But Brent, listen, this is the strangest part of my dream. When the guests came, they walked on crutches, too, all of them."

"What a dream!"

"Karen Jones, you know how beautiful she is?"

Brent nodded appreciatively.

"She was wearing crutches, too. Hers were ivory with amethysts and rubies . . . and Mr. Jafferey. Oh, you should have seen his!"

Brent laughed. "His were pure uranium, I'll bet."

"Some kind of silver metal."

Brent stood up and stretched. "Nice dream. If it were only true, we could have our guests park their crutches and forget to take them."

"No." Elizabeth moved toward him, put her arms around him. "It wasn't like that at all. I was leaning on my crutches and, suddenly, they crumbled and fell. I couldn't stand by myself . . . I had

been leaning such a long time . . . ." To her dismay, tears blurred her voice.

Brent shouted with laughter. "Page Freud, darling. You've probably been harboring some suppressed fixation and it popped out in a dream."

She wanted to pull understanding from him. "Brent, it was so awful, the feeling when the crutches crumbled. I was so helpless. I felt it was my fault."

Brent shook her lightly. "Darling child, you just keep right on leaning on our bank roll. It'll never let you down. I'm going to get the bid for that new tract, and you can fly to Europe and buy diamonds that'll put the eyes out of Karen Jones."

"But I don't want diamonds."

His face darkened with anger. He dropped his hands. "You never want anything. If it weren't for me you'd still be sitting in Beaver, Utah, waiting for Saturday night and the big dance at the ward house."

"Those were fun days, and I wish they were back again. Oh, Brent, it isn't that I don't appreciate everything you've given me and the children. But our life isn't right. There's something missing . . . something lacking."

"What's lacking?" He was instantly defensive. "What could you possibly want that you don't have?"

"It's something I can't go down to Bullock's and buy," she stormed, furious with herself for quarreling, angry with him for his unwillingness to understand and be patient.

He turned to the door. "When you find out what it is, let me know and I'll get it at a discount."

THE swinging door rocked sharply with his going. Elizabeth put down the now cold cup of milk. What a fool I am to quarrel with Brent. I'm unreasonable. I do have everything, she told herself.

She drew her housecoat closer about her and went out on the patio. It was beginning to be morning. In the hibiscus bush a mocking bird chirped sleepily. The swimming pool looked cold and dark. Elaine had forgotten to close the garage doors, and the small sports car she loved glinted bright red. Elizabeth looked about. The neighborhood was like a park, trim and green and fresh, beautifully cared for by the patient Japanese gardeners.

The dream came vividly back to her mind. She went into the house and dressed swiftly in a sweater and skirt and flat blue shoes. She came down again with Elaine's keys in her hands. She eased the little red car out of the driveway and turned it in the direction of the sea. How still the city was in the morning, and how beautiful here along Sunset Boulevard with its curves and green hills and the fog not closing down grayly but wisping beside her like a gull's wings.

There was one lone fisherman on the beach. She walked away from him toward the rocks which jutted out a little way into the sea. She climbed over the rocks and found a little hollow where the spray could not reach her. The morning wind was heavy with dampness. It blew against her. The

waves came in heavily, driven by the wind and crashed upon the rocks.

The sea has not changed since the beginning, Elizabeth thought. It is the same as it has always been. The sand is the same consistency, and the earth and the sky and stars . . . but we have changed. We have gotten so far away from our beginnings that we cannot remember what it was that we were meant to be. I did not mean to be the way I am, an idle, discontented woman, with idle, discontented children. How I have twisted and distorted the girl who was myself.

She sighed and dipped sand out of the rock. What am I supposed to be? To do? Why was I placed here on this island winging between all the other islands in the sky? I do not give my children bread any more. I do not give them anything.

The fisherman edged toward her, a large fish dangling from his hand. He gestured toward her with the fish, calling to her, his hand curled around his mouth. He was an old man.

"Do you want it?" he shouted.

She nodded. The man came toward her. "I got plenty for myself." He looked at her narrowly. "It ain't safe for you to be here . . . alone like this."

"But it's such a beautiful place," she protested.

He shook his head. "A beautiful place is where no ugly thing is, used to be like that, years ago. Nobody who lived around here then would hurt you. But they've changed, got black inside . . . blackness coming out in cruel dark things they do."

"What changed them?"

The old man chuckled, showing sparse and yellowing teeth. "We used to have a sayin' 'so an' so is an honest man,' we used to say . . . ever hear it?"

She nodded. "My grandfather, about his neighbors."

He put the fish in her hands. "That's what's wrong with us, lady. Not enough of us able to say them simple little words about each other."

She took the fish gingerly and turned in the direction of the car. The old man was right, of course, it had been foolish to come to this lonely place. But she felt frustrated and angry, remembering the hills and canyons of her childhood where she had wandered free and safe as a bird.

SHE settled herself in the car and went down the ocean highway to Santa Monica Boulevard. More people were abroad now. She came to Overland Avenue, stopped for a traffic light. She looked to her left and caught her breath at the sheer beauty of tall white walls under construction. This must be the new temple. She had been meaning to come down to see the grounds ever since the papers carried the news. She turned left on the next street and made her way into the grounds.

The builders seemed to be doing everything at once. The openings which would be doors were boarded over. They were already putting in the lawns and trees. Inside and outside bore evidence of feverish activity. Palms as high as the beautiful lower walls were held in place by wires. Spruce, too, had been brought in fully grown, and these

also were secured in their places by wires. The earth around them was damp and dark. Pools and fountains of soft green tile were almost finished. North of the temple stood the Harold Lloyd home, battered and beaten now from the struggle to tear it down. Elizabeth remembered herself as a child reading about the Lloyd estate, trying to imagine its beauty from the printed word.

She left the car and wandered about, picking her way over boards, broken pieces of concrete, bricks, and all the other paraphernalia of building. Morning was fully come in a burst of sunlight breaking through the fog, dispersing it. The tall tower of the temple gleamed in the sun. There were a few men about beginning the day's work.

Elizabeth touched the polished surface of the walls, reverence in her fingers. There was something infinitely moving and beautiful about this unfinished building, she thought, reminder of a holiness implicit and absolute. She peered through the doors, trying to see the finished result from the rough beginning now apparent. Names made pictures in her mind, Kirtland, St. George, Mesa . . . . I wish, she thought with a pang, that we had given even a brick to the building of this house of the Lord.

Such a long time since she had even been to a meeting, not going because she had not been able to endure the loneliness of going alone. The years stretched behind her to Beaver and the little meetinghouse there, to herself in bobby socks and saddle shoes being chosen queen for the green and gold ball. There had never been a moment since quite like that. The time Grandfather went on his mission. How the people had turned out. Now that had been a night of joy and tears and such oneness among neighbors and friends, that she, only a girl at the time, had trembled with gladness, drinking it up like a heavenly nectar.

What had happened? But she knew. She had always known, shutting the knowledge away in a dark room of her mind, turning the key in the lock.

(To be continued)

Snow

Christie Lund Coles

A white goose is moving
Across the gauze-veiled sky,
Moving as the wind moves,
Rhythmical and high;

Beauty caught in transit,
Note the white, white wing,
Quiet as a shadow,
Covering everything.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1896

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

RELIEF SOCIETY IN MARICOPA STAKE: President Alice Richens, Mesa Ward, Louisa Harper, Lehi Ward, Ann Kleinman, Alma Ward, Esther Openshaw, Nephi Ward, and Sister Sarah Tiffany of Papago Ward, gave encouraging reports . . . . All seemed to be doing as well as usual, although there seemed to be a faithful few who had to do the principal part of the work of the respective society, but upon the whole there was general good feeling . . . . President Collin R. Hakes was altogether proud of the Saints of Maricopa Stake. Spoke a short time on the duties of those who had accepted positions of responsibility in the Church, and the order of the Gospel.

—F. E. Robson, Sec.

A LEADER OF WOMEN: Mrs. Carrie Chapman-Catt has cleared $140 for the National Organization Committee by her Woman Suffrage Calendars, which have found a ready sale. We congratulate her.

—Selected

AN INTEREST IN GOVERNMENT: Lady Aberdeen is a constant attendant on the sessions of Parliament in Ottawa. She occupies a place beside the Speaker in the House of Commons.

—Selected

HEART BE STILL

Then heart be thou still, cry out no more!
Thy jewels are shining there,
In gladness they tread the golden streets,
And offer for thee a prayer.
Now hark! Through the gathering gloom
Hear the angel voices tell,
"Daughter arise, thy cross take up,
With thy loved ones all is well."

—Lydia D. Alder

WOMAN OF DESTINY: Queen Christina of Spain has been asked as arbitrator to settle a long standing dispute over the boundary lines of Columbia, Equador and Peru. This is the first time in the history of the world that a woman has been chosen to settle an international dispute. Her administration of Spanish affairs has been characterized by tact and statesmanlike ability, controlled by high moral principle; and not the least of her claims to admiration is the fact that she has maintained peace in a country proverbial for being in a state of constant unrest and turmoil.

—*Woman's Voice*

THE THIRD STAR: The early Mormon women were very largely of New England birth, and they have gloried in having emulated the exile and privations of the Pilgrims for the same cause, namely freedom to worship according to their conscience.

—*Woman's Tribune*

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. TATZUMBIE DU PEA, a Piute Indian, born in California, is one hundred and six years old and still works in moving pictures in holes representing an old Indian woman. Her health is good; she does close eye-work; and she has recently woven a rug which she uses in her pictures.

MARI SANDOZ, whose first book *Old Jules*, a pioneer story of Nebraska, won favorable acclaim, has written a new novel *Miss Morissa — Doctor of the Gold Trail*, the dramatic narrative of a young woman doctor who lived in a "soddy" on the Nebraska plains and devotedly followed her profession despite the frontier animosity toward "lady docs."

DR. EMMA SADLER MOSS, fifty-seven, of New Orleans Charity Hospital, became the first woman in the United States to head a major professional medical society when she was installed as president of the American Society of Clinical Pathologists in Chicago, recently.

IN 1954 in the United States, 4,073,000 babies were born, an all-time high figure.

DURING the last twenty-five years in the United States, 7,500 volumes on child care have been published. Benjamin Spock's *Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care* has sold 70,000 hard-cover editions and 3,247,588 paperbacks since it was published in 1946.

ELMA Milotte and her husband Alfred spent almost three years with their technicolor cameras taking shots — some very close indeed — of the animals we may now see in Walt Disney's "The African Lion." This is an astonishingly intimate picture of wild creatures in their native haunts, namely Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, and other African lands.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Celestia M. Terry Peterson, Fairview, Utah, ninety-five; Mrs. Emma Mathis, Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-two; Mrs. Florence Tritt Jones, Oak City, Utah, Mrs. Annie B. Jarvis, South Jordan, Utah, and Mrs. Mary B. Egan, Salt Lake City, each ninety-one; Mrs. Emma Eliason, Brigham City, Utah, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 43 FEBRUARY 1956 NO. 2

Anniversary Day

"THE Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning," the opening song of that memorable meeting held March 17, 1842, in Joseph Smith's store in Nauvoo, Illinois, gave voice to the spirit that burned within the hearts of eighteen women who gathered together by appointment, that a Prophet of God might organize them into a society for service and self-development.

With the passing years the hearts of thousands of women have become fired with the spirit of Relief Society. Its benevolent administrations have been a blessing; its countless opportunities for self-expression have brought joy and development to Latter-day Saint women; its achievements have been glorious.

In commemoration of March 17, the gratitude of Relief Society members will be expressed in Anniversary Day observances. Thousands of women in many countries throughout the world will "honor those who fashioned for good the ideals we cherish." The entire Relief Society sisterhood will pause to take thought of the divinity within our organization, of the inspiration that guides its destinies; they will pray that it may know an even more glorious future.

Therefore it seems fitting that Anniversary Day programs interpret the spirit of the organization. Though not necessarily somber and formal, a certain dignity and appropriateness should characterize them.

An understanding of the purposes of the organization, an appreciation of its history and accomplishments, an insight into the lives of those who have contributed to its onward march are evidenced in many interesting programs of the past.

An entertaining and appropriate program centering around Eliza Roxey Snow, the first general president of the Society in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, was given in one of the wards. Sister Snow was presented in a brief biographical sketch as patriot, poetess, and religious leader. This was followed by the rendition of "O My Father," that inspired gem for which she will always be loved and remembered. Other familiar songs, the words of which were her compositions, were rendered as vocal and instrumental numbers. Two of her poems were read, "I Love My Flag" and "My Heart Is Fix'd." Concluding the program, a brief explanation of the Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest was given, and the prize-winning poem for the year was read by its composer.

Each of our general presidents has been unusually endowed, her contribution unique, and any one of the presidents might be similarly featured on Anniversary Day programs.

Ward Relief Society histories

lend themselves to profitable entertainment. A recent Anniversary program dramatized the most outstanding contribution of each administration to the growth of the ward Relief Society organization. A reader introduced each scene by reading explanatory excerpts directly from the history, and concluded the scene by introducing the sister who was president of that particular administration. This ward was fortunate in having each past president present. A bouquet of flowers was presented to each, and a brief response given. The Singing Mothers rendered musical numbers after each scene.

Delightful entertainments have been given featuring various phases of the Relief Society program—welfare, education, homemaking, and music. A large replica of the *Magazine* was utilized by one ward in its Anniversary Day program. The *Magazine* was opened like a door, by a woman beautifully gowned in white, representing Relief Society. From the pages of the *Magazine* the sisters stepped forth and formed effective still pictures of each phase of the work; each picture was introduced by a reader. Special musical numbers were rendered. This program closed with women ranging in age from very young to those of advanced years, representing Relief Society membership. The last scene was most effective, summing up the meaning of Relief Society in the lives of its members.

Wholesome social contacts have always been encouraged. How many appropriate Relief Society birthday parties have been given, with attractive tables, centered with a birthday cake, and delicious luncheons served! Anniversary Day is an ideal time for providing dignified and delightful social entertainment.

Anniversary programs should utilize Relief Society members as far as possible. If the entertainment is given at night the use of children should be avoided. Relief Society is an organization of mothers working for the best interests of children. Little children should not be deprived of sleep in order to entertain mothers. If games are used in our entertainments they should be games which challenge the interest of mature women.

Should those eighteen charter members of Relief Society step from the pages of history on March 17, 1956, would they be proud and happy to join with your ward in its Anniversary observance? Would they feel again the spirit felt that March 17, 1842? Would they see their ideals a living issue, magnified, bringing joy to every Latter-day Saint woman? Anniversary Day programs should be more than ordinary programs with the usual run of music and verse. They should stir us afresh with an appreciation of our organization. They should bring together the women of the Church in a spirit of love and fellowship. Anniversary Day should be a day when every woman has a good time, when she returns to her home grateful for the greatness of the organization and her membership in it, singing in her heart:

For glorious achievement throughout the passing years,
For wond'rous devotion that ever endears,
We honor and love those who fashioned for good
The ideals we cherish, ennobling womanhood.

—B. S. S.

In Memoriam - - Mary Grant Judd

Mary Grant Judd who was appointed to the general board of Relief Society in January 1940, passed away on Saturday, December 17, 1955.

Sister Judd was a devoted Latter-day Saint and a faithful Relief Society worker. She was ever alert to shades of meaning in the written word and fearless in defending a position which she felt was right. She was original and creative, with a keen sense of humor which did not desert her. Throughout her illness she maintained a cheerful and hopeful outlook.

During the sixteen years that Sister Judd has labored on the general board, she has been associated with many committees and she worked zealously as a committee member in connection with the Centennial observance which was to be celebrated in 1942, but which was not held because of war restrictions. Her careful performance on the theology committee, of which she was a member at her death, was also outstanding. Her wide travels gave to her an appreciation of the beautiful which, with her literary talents, enriched her life.

The general board and Sister Judd's friends throughout the stakes and missions of the Church extend their sympathy to her family and to her six devoted children to whom she has passed on an illustrious heritage.

Birthday Congratulations to Former President Amy Brown Lyman

Congratulations and best wishes are extended to our beloved former president Amy Brown Lyman for her birthday, February 7th. In the stakes and missions of the Church, Relief Society women are grateful for her many years of service to the organization. She became a member of the general board in 1909, was appointed general secretary-treasurer in 1913, first counselor to President Louise Y. Robison in 1928, and general president in 1940, serving as a wise and gifted leader until her release in 1945. Sister Lyman still serves Relief Society as literature leader in her ward. Her guiding hand and her spirit of service, as well as her example of diligence and devotion, have become an integral part of the Relief Society organization. It has been said — "beautiful are the hands of the builders" — and we would add: beautiful and lasting are the accomplishments of Sister Amy Brown Lyman.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Notes From the Field Should be Submitted Promptly

WE call attention to the instruction given at the annual Relief Society conference and sent to stake Relief Society presidents regarding Notes From the Field, wherein it states that:

We want to keep the Notes current and up-to-date, and in view of the fact that the *Magazine* is prepared three months in advance of publication, we request that material for the Notes be sent to us as soon as possible, and not later than three months after the event, otherwise the lapse of time between the event and its publication is too great. Please do not send more than one picture of the same event to us as the selection of the best picture should be made by the local organization itself.

Pictures or activities which have appeared in the Church Section of the *Deseret News* are not printed in the *Magazine* because they reach largely the same readers.

When pictures of stake boards are submitted for publication, it is essential that they be in connection with an account of a Relief Society activity.

This ruling went into effect as of January 1, 1956.

Programs for Anniversary Day

PLAYS, pageants, and programs suitable for presentation as a part of the observance of Anniversary Day, March 17th, may be obtained at the office of the general board of Relief Society, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, at a cost of 15c for each program. The following programs are suggested as suitable for Anniversary Day:

1. "A Great Day for Women." A re-enactment of the organization of Relief Society written in the spirit of the occasion, historically accurate, although not all statements are direct quotations.

Characters: Eight who speak, thirteen who represent others present.

Time: Approximately 25-30 minutes.

2. "Relief Society Memory Book," script by Virginia Driggs Clark. Additions by Marianne C. Sharp and Alberta H. Christensen.

Characters: Reader and nine women from album representing the different general Relief Society presidents.

Time: Approximately 30 minutes.

3. "On Your Birthday," by Alberta H. Christensen. A very short playlet in one scene dealing with the organization of Relief Society in a generalized way.

Characters: Three — Time: Approximately 10 minutes.

For a complete list of plays, pageants, and programs, see *The Relief Society Magazine* for November 1953, pages 745-749.

Recipes From Australia

Submitted by Irene T. Erekson

Trifle
(Elsie F. Parton)

1 stale cake, plain or sponge, broken into pieces. Moisten with orange juice.

Have ready a cool custard; pour over gently and mix without breaking cake. Over this put set jello, cut into cubes (red and green or red and yellow). Cover with whipped cream flavored with vanilla and sugar. Sprinkle with chopped walnuts or almonds, or glazed cherries. Chill. Cut and serve in wedges.

Steak and Kidney Pie
(Elsie F. Parton)

1 lb. steak, cut into 2-inch pieces (remove all fat)
2 kidneys—sheep, ox, or veal (skin and cut into small pieces)
1 medium onion, cut fine

Simmer meat and onion in water until tender. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Thicken with 1½ tbsp. flour. Add 1 tsp. Vegemite (or substitute Kitchen Bouquet gravy mix) for color. Line greased pie tin with pastry. Fill pie with meat mixture; cover with pastry and prick with fork. Brush pastry with milk. Bake in very hot oven until brown.

Pastry

6 oz. shortening
½ tsp. baking powder
1 tbsp. water
½ lb. flour
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 egg yolk
pinch salt

Sift flour, baking powder, salt. Rub shortening into flour until mixture looks like bread crumbs. Add water, egg, lemon juice, gradually, making into a dry dough. Turn onto lightly floured board and handle as lightly as possible. When rolling out, move rolling pin in one direction only, not back and forth.

Coconut Biscuits (Cookies)
(Irenia P. Innis)

½ lb. arrowroot biscuits (or use ½ lb. vanilla wafers)
1 tin condensed milk
1 tsp. vanilla
coconut, finely cut
2 tbsp. cocoa

Roll the biscuits out fine; add cocoa; moisten with condensed milk to which the vanilla has been added. Mix well; make into small balls, about 1 inch in diameter. Roll in coconut, and flatten.

Boiled Fruit Cake

½ lb. raisins
1½ lb. mixed fruit
1 c. water
1 c. sugar
1 lb. butter or margarine
1 tsp. soda

Place above ingredients in saucepan. Bring to boil, and cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Let cool. Add ½ tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp. ginger, 1 tbsp. vanilla. Break in 6 unbeaten eggs; mix well together. Add 1 cup walnuts. Gently stir in 4 cups self-rising flour. Line tins with heavy paper and grease well. Bake at 300°F. for 3 hours. While baking, cover pans with more heavy paper.

Where self-rising flour cannot be obtained, add baking powder according to amount of flour, as directed on the can.

Tribute to the Visiting Teachers

Wanda Pexton

A visiting teacher is a helping hand to the Relief Society in reaching out and drawing our sisters into this noble organization.

She is an angel of mercy as well as a missionary. It is her desire and also a privilege to relieve the needy and distressed, to give succor and comfort in times of illness and death. She can uplift the spirit by instilling love, faith, peace, and harmony as she enters the threshold of each home.

The Majestic View

Ruth Wilson

A tropical sun shone down unmercifully, wilting the hikers on the precipitous mountain path. Exhausted, they halted and wished for water. Resting often, in the sparse shade of overhanging bushes, they encouraged each other with the thought of the majestic view visible from the summit.

I too have climbed life's rugged path, beset with discouragement and weariness, and halting, wondered if I could achieve my ideals and purposes. Yet, I, too, have felt the awesome and exultant thrill of extended, comprehensive vision.

"Down Under"

Ruth MacKay

The strength and the pride of a nation lie in its people, they say,
And here the casual Australian excels in his happy way;
The strength of the blue hills upholds him, in his search for the right and true;
And the sun-drenched acres of country give him vision to carry it through.
His soul is inspired by the beauty of rivers and lakes and of sea;
And wherever there's danger to threaten, that's where Aussies are likely to be.

We welcome a new population, from lands in sore trouble o'er-sea,
And gladly accept their traditions, with the crafts and the cultures they bring;
But we must not forget our first settlers, the black men whose praises we'll sing,
For paintings and carvings they've left us, on their long walkabouts through the scrub,
When the country was wide-open spaces, and they lived on the witchetty grub . . . .

* * * * *

We lift up our voices, Australians, in praise of this great open land,
And give to our brothers in friendship, the warmth of our welcoming hand.
We'll go on together to make this a home full of plenty and peace,
And the nations which see us will wonder and their talks of war shall cease.
Our destiny is in the future, let's make it as great as we can,
So lift up your voices, Australians. Be proud of your own noble land!

World of Three

Nell Murbarger

BY four o'clock of a midwinter afternoon, a great stack of juniper wood and pitch-pine bark would have been corded behind the cookstove in our little one-room homestead shanty. The dozen hens would have been fed, the eggs gathered, two cows milked, and the two horses comfortably bedded for the long night ahead.

On these winter days, our thin, cold sun never seemed actually to set, but, with the waning hours of afternoon, receded only a bit farther into the dull gray void of the winter sky. With that final recession, night would close upon us, a night when the wild wind of the High Plains country would whistle and wail, and snow would pile deeply around the little sod claim shack, where Father and Mother constituted my world and all its people.

Even though there had been nothing beyond those four walls but whirling winter and gray vagueness and lean coyotes slinking through the coulees, it would have been enough for me, for within those walls I never knew any lack of warmth and peace and love, and the glory of home.

As Father returned to the house from his final inspection of barn and cattle, the angry wind would whip through the hastily opened slab door to lay a skiff of snow on the floor, and whirl through the room like a busy old woman hunting a stray particle of dust. But once Father was inside, the door would be closed, the heavy crossbar dropped into place behind it; and, with a folded burlap sack laid along the crack at the door's lower edge, all the wind and weather and winter would be shut outside like an unwelcome intruder!

Removing his four-buckle Arctics and his sheepskin coat and cap, Father would knock them free of encrusting snow and hang them beside the stove to dry; and with his back turned to the crackling wood blaze and hands locked behind him, he would stand for awhile, rocking back and forth on the balls of his feet, and warming himself. Usually he had some story to tell — some amusing antic of the horses, or something the snowbirds had done that afternoon.

Darkness came early on those midwinter days, and, even though it would be no more than four or five o'clock when we ate supper, the kerosene lamp would be burning brightly in its wall bracket, and the gray breast feathers of night would be pressing against the small panes of our single window. And then, with the supper dishes washed and dried and stacked away neatly in the apple-box cupboard, the long winter evening — like an anticipated drama — was ready to begin.

WE had no television, no radio, no moving pictures, no close neighbors, and, virtually, no money; yet, we never wanted for something to do. Sometimes we hand-cleaned navy beans, picking out pebbles and bits of pod, and leaving only perfect beans to be traded to the grocer for sugar and flour. Other times we

shelled seed corn or mended harness; but, even though we had no special work to perform, there was never any lack of activity.

Gathered around the oilcloth-covered kitchen table, we played "Authors," "Old Maid," or "Pit," or enjoyed lively sessions of dominoes or croquinole. Or mother and father would play checkers, with me looking on and trying desperately to foresee the "traps" they were laying for one another.

In the course of every evening there was certain to be an hour or so when we took turns reading aloud. No matter how little money there might be for other things, we always managed to take a few magazines — *Youth's Companion, Farm and Home, Comfort,* and, generally, the *National Geographic.* And, although there was no library closer than the distant county seat — an almost mythical town which we visited not oftener than twice each year — we even had books to read. Some of them, such as *Robinson Crusoe, Treasure Island,* and *Swiss Family Robinson,* had been cherished by Father and Mother in their own childhood. Others had been sent to us by city relatives as Christmas and birthday gifts; but, whatever its manner of origin, every one of those volumes had been read and reread until it was smudged and weary and limp-backed, and almost committed to memory. But what a wonderful wide world came trooping past our fireside through the pages of Joseph C. Lincoln, Gene Stratton Porter, and Harold Bell Wright! As Father read aloud in his full, rich voice, or I took my turn struggling, not too skillfully, with the grownup words and phrases, Mother would always be busy at some sort of sewing — either mending or braiding strips of rags for a rug, or piecing quilt blocks.

SOMETIMES, as the evening progressed, Father would take the little wire corn popper from its nail on the side of the cupboard and, ladling into it a few handfuls of popcorn we had grown that summer, he would shake it over the fire until the tender white grains began bursting with a staccato clatter. After a huge panful had been popped, Mother would melt a generous slice of butter and stir it into the fluffy mass. Sometimes, for a change, we parched sweet corn — the hard, dry kernels being placed in a skillet, with butter and salt, and heated until they swelled to double their volume and became crisp and crunchy; or we made popcorn balls, or pulled taffy, using Mother's scissors to cut it into fat little pillows. For extra-special occasions, we might have even a dish of fruit; but apples must be shipped all the way from Oregon, and, consequently, were scarce and expensive; oranges were never seen save at Christmas time, and bananas were seldom seen at all.

With the hour drawing toward nine, Father would shake down the grate and poke the embers, sending a shower of gleaming sparks sailing into the dark night. Games and books laid aside, we would pull our chairs to the fire. With Zip, the Collie, resting her cold muzzle on Father's knee and looking searchingly into his face, and Stripes, the tiger cat, purring contentedly on

Mother's lap, we would talk of our hopes for the spring ahead, the garden we would plant, the baby chicks we would raise.

It didn't matter that our home was only a drab little sod shanty, lost in a winter void. Despite its plainness and crudeness, its walls and roof were stout and tight, and it was ours — a symbol of our security, our solidarity as a family, our ability to meet the High Plains country on its own terms. No matter how wildly the wind might howl, how cold and dark the night, our animals were dry and warm in the barn, and peace and contentment reigned in our World of Three.

Table Decorations for Anniversary Day

Inez R. Allen

EACH year as the month of March approaches, we are mindful that it brings the anniversary of our beloved Relief Society. We have been privileged to have this organization for nearly one hundred and fourteen years. It gives to our sisters a well-rounded development and growth through service.

Most great people and events are honored on their anniversaries. Their many virtues and achievements are rehearsed. None deserves special mention more than does our Relief Society organization.

The picture on the opposite page was taken of a table-setting designed to represent the many phases of this organization.

In all good arrangements there is always a focal point, something of special interest. Inasmuch as this was our anniversary celebration, a large oblong cake was used as the point of interest. White icing was used as background, and large yellow roses and rose buds, with an occasional tiny bluebird, made an attractive border. In the center was written:

Happy Birthday
Relief Society
1842 — 1955

The cake was supported on a bank of green lemon leaves, which afforded an attractive background for the many golden daffodils and blue Dutch iris. These two flowers were chosen because they represent the "blue and gold" emblem of the Relief Society organization.

The dolls, dressed in pastel colors of pink, green, yellow, orchid, blue, and white, represented the six phases of the Relief Society programs. They are seen presenting a candle around which is draped a ribbon. On the ribbon is printed each special phase. They are: Theology, Work Meeting, Literature, Social Science, Visiting Teachers, and the *Magazine*. Each doll carries an article representing her special phase, for example, the one representing Theology carries a tiny Book of Mormon; for Literature it is a miniature book of the *Literature of England*. A basket carrying small quilt blocks,

Hal Rumel

TABLE SETTING FOR A RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PARTY

thimble, thread, and needle, and a tiny tea towel, represents the Work Meeting. Social Science holds a miniature scroll of the Constitution of the United States. A small duplicate of the *Magazine* represents that phase, while the last doll carries a Visiting Teacher blank.

There is one more thing that is outstanding in the Relief Society program. It is the music. The harmony and spirit with which the songs are sung are really thrilling and inspirational. The Singing Mothers in nearly every ward have achieved great success and honor. To represent this, musical notes of gilded paper were placed at strategic places throughout the arrangement.

Using the suggestions offered here, several different arrangements might be made, for example:

1. A float, made of flowers or some other material carrying these different phases, could very beautifully be arranged.

2. Perhaps a May Pole, representing the Relief Society, might be made with ribbons reaching out to each doll.

3. A garden scene wherein the dolls might be the center of a beautiful flower plot. The flowers in each case would match the color of the dress.

4. A low, long arrangement with the six representing candles formed in a semicircle at one end of the flowers.

With a bit of imagination and a clever use of flowers and symbols, our Relief Society can reign supreme on each anniversary.

Salads for Health and Beauty

Rhea H. Gardner

Extension Service Home Management and Furnishings Specialist
Utah State Agricultural College

THE list of possible combinations of vegetables and fruits for salads is as long as your imagination. If you have plenty of imagination, you will have little need for recipes. However, sometimes our imagination gets a bit sluggish and requires a little push to get it going. That's the purpose of the following recipes and suggestions for salad combinations.

Vegetable Salad Combinations

1. Cut or break up leaves of lettuce, endive, and water cress. Toss together in a salad bowl with tomato wedges, sliced cucumbers, radishes, and little green onions, sliced. Serve with French dressing.

2. Mix thinly sliced radishes, water cress, endive, and cauliflower broken into pencil-size flowerets. Toss together with French dressing.

3. Mix together narrow strips of green pepper, sliced celery, cucumber, and very thinly sliced carrots and turnips. Serve on a bed of lettuce with French or Thousand Island dressing.

4. Toss together, just before serving time, shredded cabbage, shredded tender young beets, and very thin strips of green pepper. Season with French dressing.

Fruit Salad Combinations

1. Alternate wedges of avocado, orange, and grapefruit on a bed of lettuce or endive. Serve with fruit French dressing.

2. Combine melon balls of honeydew, cantaloupe, and watermelon. Serve in lettuce cups with fruit French dressing.

3. Combine equal amounts of cantaloupe or honeydew melon balls with sections of grapefruit. Serve with pineapple dressing.

4. Peel and core fresh or canned pears. For each serving allow half a pear. Frost with softened cream cheese and roll in chopped peanuts or blanched and toasted almonds. Serve with or without a cream-type dressing.

Fresh Fruit Salad Plate

Any variety of fresh fruit may be used. Select fruit combinations that will give a pleasing color harmony. Leave berries and sweet cherries whole, cut peaches, fresh pineapple, melons, and pears in bite-size pieces.

Fruit Plate as a Dessert

Finely crush ice and form on a mound on a serving platter. Put one end of a toothpick into a piece of fruit and the other into the mound of crushed ice. Continue until the ice is all covered with fruit. Refrigerate until ready to serve. Thoroughly chill but do not freeze fruit. Serve as a dessert with a heavy meal.

French Dressing

⅓ cup vinegar or lemon juice
1 cup salad or olive oil
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon sugar, if desired
few grains cayenne

Combine all ingredients. Shake or beat until thoroughly combined. Chill.

Fruit French Dressing

¼ cup orange juice
¼ cup pineapple juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup salad or olive oil
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar

Combine all ingredients. Beat or shake until well blended.

Pineapple Dressing

¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
dash celery salt
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups pineapple juice, or combination of orange and pineapple
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
¼ cup lemon juice

Mix dry ingredients in the top of a double boiler. Stir in the pineapple juice. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Cover and cook for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Stir a little of the hot mixture into slightly beaten egg yolks. Add to remaining hot mixture. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly for 3 minutes. Stir in lemon juice. Chill.

When the dressing is cool, fold in 1 cup of heavy cream, whipped.

Prairie Winter

Grace Barker Wilson

All night long, under frozen sky
With never a hint of stars or moon,
The prairie lay like a dragon fly
Wrapped in an eiderdown cocoon.

No wind ruffled the icy air
Nor stirred a flake of the falling snow;
Not even a track of wild thing there
To mar the quietness below.

With ashen face the morning came,
But no sun pierced the overcast,
While winter's undisputed claim
Held all the prairie frozen fast.

Mary Blanchard Williams Decorates Cakes

MARY Blanchard Williams, St. Anthony, Idaho, has developed a hobby which makes use of her artistic abilities and, at the same time, proves to be useful and challenging. She is especially skillful in making ornately decorated cakes for special occasions. The cake which she made for the 111th birthday anniversary of Relief Society was a masterpiece of graceful scrolls and leaf and flower designs, bearing the motto: "Charity Never Faileth." Mrs. Williams has found that a cake made especially for an important occasion makes that occasion even more important in the memories of people who are eager to cherish the happening of a birthday celebration, a wedding, or a wedding anniversary, or the delights of a holiday.

Mrs. Williams, as a young woman, was left a widow with six children and a farm. With the help of her boys, she managed the farm, and with great success she reared her children and educated them. Later, she married again, and by this marriage became mother to eight stepchildren. She has shared with her large family the experiences of missions, college education, friendships, and the deep joy of seeing children mature into useful and happy citizens and devoted members of the Church. Moreover, she has found time for much Church work, including eight years as a Primary president, ward organist and ward chorister for many years, and for five years she served as president of Yellowstone Stake Relief Society. In her happy, busy life, Mrs. Williams exemplifies the old saying: "If you want something done well, ask a busy person to do it."

Time

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Time is a fleet winged chariot whose wheels
Trace on one's face for all the world to see
Unspoken thoughts, and words, and all one feels,
In fretful lines or smooth serenity.

Hermanas

Chapter 8 (Conclusion)

Fay Tarlock

JIM'S face softened. "If I had my way," he said in a half whisper to Graciela, "I'd take you to Salt Lake to see the golden angel on the temple, but that will have to wait a while. Anyway," he gave her a little hug, "we have first to see that you are prepared for baptism."

"The baptism, we are ready for that," Graciela told him eagerly, her face alight.

"No," Jim still held her, "it is too important a step to be done emotionally. It is forever, and I want you to be sure you know what you are doing."

I watched Graciela withdraw from his arms and firm herself to oppose him. "If we do things without emotion, we are cold, useless things." Her voice rose a little. "My mother and I have had two years to know the Church, and in this I tell you the sacred truth, I was ready before I met you. My mother will tell you that." She stood there, an exquisite figurine, but there was strength and decision in her.

When Lolita spoke her agreement, Jim demurred no more.

"But there is," Jim said, his hands thoughtfully in his pockets, "an old Spanish custom that bothers me."

"Meaning what?" I spoke to him in English, and he answered me in kind.

"It's hard to explain it, but I guess it's the whole thing, the big wedding with all the fuss. I like privacy and simpleness. Once we started the thing, we'd follow tradition and go the whole way, the full three days. And you know how it is." He looked like a small boy caught in a transgression. "The bridegroom has to furnish everything, the wedding clothes, the feast. It would take all I've been saving to equip my office when I'm ready for practice. But all that aside, I'd like nothing better than a quiet ceremony in your garden, with your permission of course, and El Presidente officiating."

He looked first at Graciela, then at her mother, and back to the girl. "Couldn't we do that, no fuss, no feathers, no band, just a marriage?"

Ardently Graciela translated for her mother. "Couldn't we," she ended in a plea, "be married here in the garden by El Presidente? Jaime says it is an American custom to have simple weddings, and we should consider his wishes."

"I have heard of these simple American weddings," Lolita replied, all scorn. "Three minutes to be married and not much longer to be divorced. I have but one daughter, and I want her to have a wedding to remember all her life with pride. If you," she turned to Jim, "are sincere in your wishes to live here, you will respect our traditions."

"What can I say to that?" Jim grinned at me. "Everything seems to be turning out all right. I'll go

along with anything except a three-day fiesta."

"You're in capable hands," I told him. "You get back to the hospital and don't worry about a thing."

With Jim in proud possession, I bade them goodnight. Lolita's bow was formal as to a mistress, and I was troubled, for we should be friends.

THAT night may not have been the exact moment when the idea began fermenting in my mind, but the germ of it was there when I awoke the next morning, refreshed from the first sound sleep in a week.

I told Amporo to get breakfast for the children while I went to market. It was so early that, save for an occasional maid sweeping the sidewalk, only the rag pickers were on the streets, eager to get first chance at the storm's debris. Overhead the sun moved in a washed sky, and the breeze was light and warm.

In the market a few customers were about, cooks who had risen early and a few energetic housewives. I found Roberto alone at his stall, arranging a pyramid of oranges. After my compliment on his design, he selected a few limes, a small papaya, and a kilo of bananas for me. All the while I kept the conversation on one theme, that of the friendly, helpful Church people who made me feel so at home in Mexico.

"Si," Roberto beamed, holding the bananas for my inspection. "The Church makes us one indeed." Graciously he inquired if my little protege and her mother were ready for membership, though of late he had been saddened because of their absence at the Sunday service.

He would soon be happy, I told him. Lolita and her daughter would probably be at the service next Sunday. "Graciela and the young doctor—to be," I said as if it were an afterthought, "are to be married."

"*No me digos!*" Roberto pushed over the pyramid of oranges in his excitement. "*Esas son de veras buenos nuevos!*" Over the tumbled fruit he leaned, his face close to mine, exclaiming, "When will wedding be?"

By now Jorgina, his wife, who presided over a nearby stall of fruit, rushed over to hear the news.

Absentmindedly I pushed the oranges towards Jorgina, who stacked them with expert brown fingers. "It presents a little problem," I mused, eyes on the oranges. "It is the wish of the doctor to have a simple ceremony at my home with only the immediate families present. The doctor would find it difficult to provide for the Mexican wedding with the feast and the bridal finery. He also likes quiet weddings." I rolled the last orange into Jorgina's hand.

"It would be a pity to deprive their friends of the pleasure of the wedding," Roberto said, signaling the curious Jorgina to attend to a customer. "La Senora Lolita, what are her wishes?" He leaned close to my ear.

"Oh," I said, lowering my voice to meet his whisper, "you know women, Don Roberto."

Signifying with a humorous smile that he did, he led me aside, the papaya display shielding us from the

customers. "Ay, Senora," he sighed with an elaborate wink, "I do indeed know women. But in this instance it is my opinion that la Senora Lolita has good reason."

"With that I agree." I set down my basket, heavy with fruit. "Yet you must look at the young doctor's side. He feels that any money spent must go to fix up the old house at San Angel, since Lolita insists that they live there, and he insists that the place is not a fit habitation for them. This," I whispered discreetly, "is for your ears alone, Don Roberto. For a time it looked as if the San Angel house would prevent the marriage."

"*Que lastima!*" He wiped his hands on his stained apron. I could see the idea growing in him. Proudly he raised his head and smoothed his black mustache with a confident hand. "If you would be so good as to give me a little time I think a way can be found to meet Lolita's wishes and, at the same time, satisfy the good doctor."

"You amaze me," I said in admiration, "but I leave it in your hands."

With a lordly gesture he lifted my basket and summoned a market boy to carry it.

"The marriage is to be very soon," I confided, holding a finger on the basket to detain the boy. "Whatever you do must be quickly executed."

"You spoke this morning of the co-operation of the brothers and sisters in the Church. Perhaps you will see something new." He put out his hand.

"Remember you may call on me for anything that is practical for me to do." I shook his hand and signaled the boy to go.

"For a little of the material things, Senora, we may call on you, but the work we will do entirely."

LESS than three weeks' time passed before the wedding, preceded, a few nights before, by the baptism of the two women. The marriage ceremony, at Lolita's request, was held in the garden of the old San Angel home.

After a few preliminary skirmishes with Roberto, I was not consulted. "You are to be surprised," he told me mysteriously. "I am working with the missionaries."

The Relief Society women were directly responsible for the feast. My assignment was the wedding cake. It took Amporo and me a full day to buy, beg, and borrow the proper pans to make the big three-tiered cake — and all my raisins and nuts. Amporo dressed the miniature bride and groom and placed them under the silver bell I loaned for the occasion.

Oddly I felt a little left out. Jim telephoned me only once. "I'm getting the afternoon off to spend with my future mother-in-law."

"To do what?" I was mystified.

"To observe an old Spanish custom." He took delight in teasing me.

"I hope you're not going to do anything foolish."

After all, the wedding was only the beginning. The future should not be mortgaged for it.

"We're spending our money in the *mercado* — the one you frequent — so judge for yourself." And

I had to be satisfied with that evasive answer.

Graciela came once for dinner. All she would tell me was that the Relief Society women were helping her mother make the wedding dress, rather wedding dresses, for Lolita was to have a new one.

I don't like mysteries and there was a dark spot in my mind that said Lolita still resented me. She had not even told me of her interview with Miguel Munoz, whose early return was heralded in the dailies.

Late afternoon of the wedding day, John and I dressed in our best suits, and with the Senora de Vargas as our guest, rode to San Angel. The twins were with Esperanza, who had a tooth extracted earlier in the day and was in no mood for a fiesta that would last late into the night.

On this day of autumn the rain came early, staying only long enough to polish the shrubbery and splash the pavement clean. Overhead was an opalescent sky and the air was cool and sweet. We were in a gay mood as we rode past Obregon's monument and the suburban villas onto the rough streets of the old part of San Angel.

John's hand had no sooner found the bell, than the gate in the high wall swung open, and the happy confusion of the party spilled out to meet us. The laughter of a hundred people was mingled with the strum of guitars and the higher notes of the marimba.

Before I got past the entrance, Amporo, wearing a new pink dress, her hair oiled and coiled, and her feet uneasy in high heels, pulled at my arm. "Come quickly, Senora," she trilled, "it is almost time for the ceremony, but Roberto says you are to see it first."

WITH no time for a "con permisso," I followed her through the shaded hallway into the main house where the newlyweds would live. "See!" She opened the heavy door with a flourish. *"Es marvelleso, no?"*

It was indeed marvelous. The long room with the windows overlooking the gallery and garden had been made into a living room. New boards replaced the rotted wood, and over its newly painted surface was a collection of bright serapes from Pueblo. A combined bookcase and table, so new that I could still smell the fresh wood, was decorated with multi-hued flowers.

"Jorge, the carpenter, made it for a wedding gift, but the other things are from the Mormones," Amporo told me, awed at the generosity.

The room had two comfortable chairs made of cowhide and a number of cane-bottomed chairs, bright with paint. I recognized the other piece of furniture. It was a couch Senora de Vargas and I had found in her attic. The cover was one of native sheets of heavy muslin, which Amporo had dyed and embroidered with vivid flowers.

"There is time for only a glimpse," Amporo reminded me, dancing with excitement. "You must see the wonders of the kitchen."

In my heart I had sympathized with Jim. It was an impossibility to live in this kitchen, so little changed from colonial times. The

brick stove needed the attention of two stokers, and the cavernous sink, with its trickle of cold water was high enough to break a woman's back. I thought of the dirty cobwebbed walls, the lack of cupboards.

When Amporo swung open the planked door I saw a high-ceilinged room freshly whitewashed, the high windows sparkling and framed by freehand drawings of fruit and flowers. The ancient brick ovens were covered by a dark blue cloth and brightened by a basket of golden mangos.

When my eyes had taken in this splendor, I saw something that was akin to a miracle, a shining table top, enameled electric range, so new that it sang. In the States at this wartime, a new electric range was as unobtainable as the moon. Here in Mexico it was the possession of the rich. When I stopped to examine the flower-splayed card tied to the oven handle, I saw "Congratulations" written in the firm hand of Miguel Munoz!

"Look!" Amporo threw open a closet door to show me an electric water heater, dazzling in its newness. "Also the gift of the Senor."

Surprise was hardly the word for my reactions. I had not thought him capable of sportsmanship in the grand manner. After this I could think pleasant thoughts of the Senor.

"But the wiring? The house needed to be wired for the stove?"

"It was another of the Mormones, a man who is an electrician who came with his helper and put all new wires in the house. Now," Amporo was brisk, "there is but time to see the bathroom and the bedroom of Lolita."

The bathroom I looked at only long enough to see that some modern fixtures with a banker's card had been installed, and the broken tile repaired. Lolita's room was a simple one, far from the street wall, and had a dressing table concocted by Jorge, the carpenter, and a long chest that must have been in the old house. I took time to sit on the bed. The mattress was new, one made of innersprings.

"El doctor himself gave the bed to Lolita," Amporo explained, her fingers tracing the design in the blue and white spread.

So Lolita had her soft bed.

FROM the kitchen we hurried to the gallery to see the wedding feast. The late afternoon sun shone through the poplars against the convent wall and threw a light around the bell in the tower. Golden shafts slanted across the garden, freshly trimmed and weeded, and rested upon the deep green of the pomegranates. The rays filtered through the Poinsettia trees and over the Burmese honeysuckle that separated Ramon's rows of beans from the garden. On the lawn, still shaggy from neglect, were the lovely red day lilies, open these last days of the rain.

Last of all, the westering rays lighted the wedding feast that lay like a vast mural against the green background of the garden. There were stacks of *tortillas*, warm in blue and green napkins; terra cotta trays piled with dark green *chili rellanos;* braziers holding steaming pots of *frijoles,* fragrant with hot sauce and oregano; a copper caul-

dron filled with *carnitas;* dishes of chicken *mole* brimming with dark sauce; deep pans of *cabrito el horno,* and bright dishes of sharp-tasting *guacamole;* colorful baskets spilling with the fruits of Mexico — mangoes, golden ripe, papaya ready for their baths of lime juice, sticks of freshly cut pineapple, slices of the pink mammea, and rosy strawberries, small and fragrant.

In the very center was the wedding cake on a bank of flowers, and scattered about were the lacy baskets of sweet rolls and the glazed *pastilles.* In the background were the gayly designed pitchers, full to the brim with limonade, and the exotic drink of mango juice. So colorful was the feast that it seemed a desecration to touch it.

Against the flaming bougainvillaea and blue plumbago that shaded the south gallery, the wedding guests waited in the shimmering light, ready for the feast that would begin as soon as El Presidente pronounced the words — and the bride kissed within an inch of her life. I saw among the expectant group the bright blouses and shirts of the country people, splashes of accent for the dark garb of the city guests. To one side, half lost in the green shade, were a group of young persons dressed in green and white with sequin trimmings. They carried silver-trimmed sombreros and crimson *serapes* for the graceful *jarabe tapatio* to come later in the evening.

In the far background against the plum trees were the musicians, shepherded by the proud Roberto, their instruments hushed but themselves poised for the signal that would start the festivity. All of a sudden, a wave of something that was more than exhilaration possessed me. It was a disembodied elation that seemed to lift and hold me above the garden with its riot of color and emotion. This, my heart said, is home. Tonight you will be happy with your people.

My husband's beckoning eye, Amporo's quick tug, made me realize that the ceremony waited for my presence beside Lolita. My feet quickened on the damp grass, and I saw El Presidente, benevolent and towering in his black broadcloth and snowy linen, urging me forward. Waiting outside in a bower of autumn flowers stood Jim and Graciela. Jim was smiling and confident in his white jacket, but it was Graciela, petite and radiant, who drew all eyes.

Jim's almost imperceptible wink brought my gaze to the bridal dress. It was a simple one, white, and fashioned after the native style, with a long swirling skirt and full blouse, embroidered in bright bands of cross-stitch. On the girl's slender feet were thonged sandals, and her blue-black hair was brushed into a shining pompadour in which she wore a single red Camellia.

Jim's eyes took me from the bride to her mother. Lolita stood to one side, her graying hair coiled at her neck, her black eyes wet with happy tears. Like Graciela's, her dress material had been purchased by Jim in the market and made with the loving hands of the Church women. It was deep blue, with a full skirt and embroidered in red and green flowers. On her arm she carried a long white scarf with a band of in-

tricately woven flowers. Later, when the evening wind blew cold from the snow-topped mountains, she would place it on her child's shoulders.

Quickly I advanced towards Lolita, my hand outstretched. Would she greet me with a courteous bend of her head and a respectful "Senora," or would her eyes look straight into mine? So near was I that the hem of my tailored suit touched the crisp folds of her blue gown; yet I did not know the answer. But, as our hands touched, her fingers were firm in mine, and she raised her eyes. With a warm smile, her hands pressed tightly over mine, and she said, "*Bien venida, muy Hermana.*"

Miniature Plants

Elizabeth Williamson

MINIATURE plants are not a new idea. The Japanese and the Chinese thought of them centuries ago. However, the charm of these tiny plants and containers continues to please us, and their uses are many. They always delight anyone who creates them or anyone who receives them as a gift. Keep on hand very small containers and the smallest of flower pots, and when you are transplanting or making slips, put the smallest ones in the containers. Rock plants and succulents seem to adapt themselves best to miniature planting. Enliven the pots with tiny colorful figurines which you may pick up from time to time. These miniature plants make charming gifts and will be joyfully received.

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Florence O. Gillman

TIMPANOGOS STAKE (UTAH), PLEASANT GROVE FOURTH WARD BAZAAR, October 6, 1955

Standing, left to right: President Alice T. Judd; work meeting leader Fern M. Hicks; First Counselor Beth Hall; Second Counselor Vida F. Conway.

This ward reports a most successful bazaar: "Our bazaar consisted of rugs made by the Deseret Industries, quilts, embroidered and painted pillow cases and tea towels, dolls made from men's hose; also monkeys, hassocks made from juice cans, baskets made from reeds, planter boxes made from cans and paper mache, aprons, children's clothing, homemade soap, hand painted ceramics, sofa cushions, crocheted handkerchiefs and other crocheted novelties, including plates with crocheting around them. We also had a bake sale and featured homemade candy. Dinner was served while the bazaar was in progress. All of the sisters in the ward worked diligently to make our bazaar a success."

Florence O. Gillman is president of Timpanogos Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ruth M. Pell

SANTA ROSA STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Stake chorister Jean Porter, stands second from the left in the back row; stake organist Katherine Davis is seated at the right end of the second row. Sister Davis has been released because of ill health since this picture was taken. Sister Eunice Southwick the new organist, is not in the picture.

Ruth M. Pell is president of Santa Rosa Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Helen B. Walker

POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO), POCATELLO FOURTEENTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS ASSEMBLED AFTER ATTENDING A LUNCHEON IN THEIR HONOR, September 22, 1955

Front row, seated, left to right: Dorothy Harris; Pearl Cook; Emily Cameron; Pearl Gravatt; Cora Norton; Josephine Shipp; Phoebe Derricott; Chloe Bailey; Della Tucker; Lillian Day; Janice Romney and baby.

Second row, standing, left to right: Leona Spillman; Mae McLaws; Edith Bell; Louise Koho; Grace Thomas; Ida Francom; Anne George, Secretary-Treasurer; Margaret Bartley, First Counselor; Bena Willes, President; Ruth Noble, Second Counselor; LaRue Cook; Helen B. Walker, President, Pocatello Stake Relief Society; Agnes Wheatley, First Counselor, Pocatello Stake Relief Society; Florence Wright; Louise Decker.

This special luncheon was held in honor of the visiting teachers who have had a one-hundred per cent record for nine years, or ever since the Fourteenth Ward was organized from the Second Ward in 1946.

Photograph submitted by Laura M. Wilkin

OQUIRRH STAKE (UTAH), PLEASANT GREEN SECOND WARD VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR THREE YEARS

Front row, left to right: Areta Loutensock; Eleanor Whittaker; Louella Wall; Lavinia Bullock; Ione Ashton; Reva Keetch, First Counselor; Violet Powell, President; Clara Silcox, Second Counselor; Josephine Thomas; Delilah Pendleton; Ireta Arave; Dorothy Evans; Isabelle Spiers; Alice Warr; LaVeda Shurtleff; Mildred Lindberg, Secretary.

Second row, left to right: Dorothy Smith; Annie Fyfe; Helen Duckworth; Ruth Coon; Reva Brown; Lorraine Elkins; Alice Carter; Velva Duckworth; Ella Burrell; Ednal Daybell; Mabel Poulsen; Mabel Martin; Lucile Simpson.

Third row, left to right: Zelma Hales; Asenath Chipman; Vervene Shaw; Beverley Carter; Beatrice Redmond; Gladys Robison; Maxine Crapo; Mary Westerman; Annie Nelson; Laura M. Wilkin, President, Oquirrh Stake Relief Society; Hazel Call; Cecil Mills; Winnifred Metcalf; Minnie Mills; Myrtle Russon; Evelyn Cook.

Photograph submitted by Laura Beckstrand

MILLARD STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION AND FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, October 1955

Front row, seated, left to right: Delores Jones; Lola Stevens; Jewel Crosland; Laura

Beckstrand, President, Millard Stake Relief Society; Merle Hone, director of the Singing Mothers; Jo Ann Harmon, accompanist; Mary Jean Robison; Winla Whitaker.

Second row, seated, left to right: Lillian Rogers, chorister; DeAun Anderson; Ann Adams; Henrietta Hunter; Roma Turner; Beth Stephenson; Afton Finlinson; Gladys Warner; Nelda Paxton, Stella Day.

Third row, seated, left to right: Lottie Anderson; Luella Mitchell; Emily Weed; Ruby Iverson; Iva Howlett; Helen Stevens; Ethel Wood; Nada Melville; Maxine Rowley; Algie Stephenson.

Fourth row, standing, left to right: Sarah Stringham; Geneva Jones; Bly Nixon; Alice Robison; Louie Duncan; Carol Frampton; Evelyn Peterson; Eva Goulter.

Photograph submitted by Nilus S. Memmott

JUAREZ STAKE (MEXICO), DUBLAN WARD ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 17, 1955

Front row, seated, left to right: Carel Wagner; Agnes Bluth; Rhoda Taylor, First Counselor, Juarez Stake Relief Society; Nilus Memmott, President, Juarez Stake Relief Society; LaVetta Taylor, Secretary, Juarez Stake Relief Society; Theresa Call; Matilda Wagner; Maria Hardy.

Second row, standing, left to right: Cary Robinson; Thelma Bluth; Ella Anderson; Hannah Call, First Counselor, Dublan Ward Relief Society; Bernice Coon, President, Dublan Ward Relief Society; Ruth Longhurst, Second Counselor; Marge Alberta Robinson; Hannah Vee Jarvis; Willa Wagner; Nita Taylor; Eloise Spencer.

Third row, standing, left to right: Beulah McNiel; Leah Robinson; Leona Wagner; Lucille Taylor; Glena Call, chorister; Anna Marie Taylor; Nell Bowman; LaRee Bluth; Arletta Taylor; Naoma Bowman; Alleen Bowman; Emma Pinon.

Retrospect

Anna Rice

For many months long
This was my lament, this was my song,
"Things are continually going all wrong."
Suddenly, one day the light I could see,
It was my thoughts, not things, which were
bothering me.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 40—Christ Among the Nephites

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: 3 Nephi, chapters 11-14)

For Tuesday, May 1, 1956

Objective: To testify to the appearance to the Nephites of the resurrected Christ; and to comprehend Christ's teachings on baptism; the calling of the Twelve Disciples; and the Sermon on the Mount.

Appearance of Jesus Christ

After the cataclysm which they had experienced, a group of survivors was gathered around the temple in the land Bountiful. They were conversing about the changes which had taken place and about Jesus Christ who was to come. Suddenly they heard a voice, but they did not understand. Three times they heard it. The third time they heard it distinctly saying, "Behold my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, in whom I have glorified my name—hear ye him" (3 Nephi 11:7).

As they looked toward heaven they:

> . . . saw a Man descending out of heaven; and he was clothed in a white robe; and he came down and stood in the midst of them; and the eyes of the whole multitude were turned upon him, and they durst not open their mouths, even one to another, and wist not what it meant, for they thought it was an angel that had appeared unto them. And it came to pass that he stretched forth his hand and spake unto the people, saying: Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world. And behold, I am the light and the life of the world; and I have drunk out of that bitter cup which the Father hath given me, and have glorified the Father in taking upon me the sins of the world, in the which I have suffered the will of the Father in all things from the beginning (3 Nephi 11:8-11).

The people were so astonished that they fell to the earth for then ". . . they remembered that it had been prophesied among them that Christ should show himself unto

them after his ascension into heaven" (3 Nephi 11:12).

Jesus spoke to them again saying:

Arise and come forth unto me, that ye may thrust your hands into my side, and also that ye may feel the prints of the nails in my hands and in my feet, that ye may know that I am the God of Israel, and the God of the whole earth, and have been slain for the sins of the world (3 Nephi 11:14).

And when they had all gone forth and had witnessed for themselves, they did cry out with one accord, saying, Hosanna! Blessed be the name of the Most High God! And they did fall down at the feet of Jesus, and did worship him (3 Nephi 11:16-17).

In this decisive manner, Jesus affirmed his divinity, and by means of displaying his wounds established beyond doubt that he was Jesus the Christ, and that he had atoned for the sins of the world.

Twelve Disciples Chosen

Singling Nephi out of the multitude, Jesus said to him, ". . . I give unto you power that ye shall baptize this people when I am again ascended into heaven" (3 Nephi 11:21). Eleven others were endowed with this same power. ". . . (now the number of them who had been called, and received power and authority to baptize, was twelve) . . ." (3 Nephi 12:1). Jesus gave them specific words to be used in performing the ordinance and instructed them to baptize by immersion.

Verily I say unto you, that whoso repenteth of his sins through your words, and desireth to be baptized in my name, on this wise shall ye baptize them—Behold, ye shall go down and stand in the water, and in my name shall ye baptize them.

And now behold, these are the words which ye shall say, calling them by name, saying:

Having authority given me of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

And then shall ye immerse them in the water, and come forth again out of the water.

And after this manner shall ye baptize in my name; for behold, verily I say unto you, that the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost are one; and I am in the Father, and the Father in me, and the Father and I are one.

And according as I have commanded you thus shall ye baptize. And there shall be no disputations among you, as there have hitherto been; neither shall there be disputations among you concerning the points of my doctrine, as there have hitherto been.

For verily, verily I say unto you, he that hath the spirit of contention is not of me, but is of the devil, who is the father of contention, and he stirreth up the hearts of men to contend with anger, one with another (3 Nephi 11:23-29).

In regard to baptism the Savior further said:

And whoso believeth in me, and is baptized, the same shall be saved; and they are they who shall inherit the kingdom of God.

And whoso believeth not in me, and is not baptized, shall be damned.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, that this is my doctrine, and I bear record of it from the Father; and whoso believeth in me believeth in the Father also; and unto him will the Father bear record of me, for he will visit him with fire and with the Holy Ghost.

And thus will the Father bear record of me, and the Holy Ghost will bear record unto him of the Father and me; for the Father, and I, and the Holy Ghost are one.

And again I say unto you, ye must repent, and become as a little child, and be baptized in my name, or ye can in nowise receive these things.

And again I say unto you, ye must repent, and be baptized in my name, and become as a little child, or ye can in nowise inherit the kingdom of God.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, that this is my doctrine, and whoso buildeth upon this buildeth upon my rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against them.

And whoso shall declare more or less than this, and establish it for my doctrine, the same cometh of evil, and is not built upon my rock; but he buildeth upon a sandy foundation, and the gates of hell stand open to receive such when the floods come and the winds beat upon them.

Therefore, go forth unto this people, and declare the words which I have spoken, unto the ends of the earth (3 Nephi 11:33-41).

After calling the Twelve Disciples Jesus instructed the people ". . . Blessed are ye if ye shall give heed unto the words of these twelve whom I have chosen from among you to minister unto you, and to be your servants . . ." (3 Nephi 12:1).

After instructing the people that the first principles and ordinances of the gospel were prerequisites to salvation, and following his empowering the Twelve Disciples to baptize the people, Jesus turned to the multitude and gave them his Sermon on the Mount, substantially as he gave it on the Eastern Hemisphere.

The Sermon on the Mount Retold

This Sermon on the Mount gives in detail the Christian pattern of living. This pattern is needed today perhaps as much as anything in the gospel, for we have learned many things, but we have not yet learned how to live the more abundant life.

The Beatitudes

The Beatitudes represent Jesus' blueprint for happiness and blessedness. ". . . Blessed are the poor in spirit . . ." (3 Nephi 12:3) may mean blessed are those who feel the need of spiritual direction and come to Christ for help. Pride, self-righteousness, self-conceit are condemned. The parable of the Pharisee and the Publican is a good commentary on this beatitude. ". . . blessed are all they that mourn, for they shall be comforted" (3 Nephi 12:4) has been interpreted by James E. Talmage as follows:

. . . the mourner shall be comforted for he shall see the divine purpose of his grief, and shall again associate with the beloved ones of whom he has been bereft . . . (*Jesus the Christ*, page 231).

The meek, in the beatitude ". . . blessed are the meek . . ." (3 Nephi 12:5) are those people who refuse to answer evil with evil, which requires real strength of character, for it requires restraint of anger, hatred, and revenge. ". . . blessed are the merciful . . ." (3 Nephi 12:7) reminds us that God will pardon our evil deeds in proportion as we pardon the evils others do to us. He who shows mercy will be judged mercifully. The peacemakers are blessed because they bring so much to others. Peacemakers placate; they bring about concord. They reconcile men who are at variance with one another, whether as individuals, classes, or nations.

Instructions to the Twelve Disciples

Jesus then speaks of the responsibility and dignity of the ministry of the Twelve Disciples. He emphasizes it with the following ideas:

Verily, verily, I say unto you, I give unto you to be the salt of the earth; but if the salt shall lose its savor wherewith shall the earth be salted? The salt shall be thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men. Verily, verily, I say unto you, I give unto you to be the light of this people. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Behold, do men light a candle and put it under a bushel? Nay, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light to all that are in the house; Therefore let your light so shine before this people, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven (3 Nephi 12:13-16).

Christ, the Fulfillment of the Law

When Jesus instructs citizens of his kingdom concerning righteousness, he frequently contrasts his teachings with those current in the law and the prophets, indicating in each case the impressive gulf which divides his sublime morality from the morality of the law and the prophets. The old law punished only the act of murder, but the law of Christ disapproves of the emotion of anger, thus working for a purification of the heart, a schooling of the feelings. The old law punished the act of adultery, but the law of Christ forbids a man to lust after a woman, for then he has already committed adultery in his heart. Christ wanted an inward purity. The old law required an ". . . eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" (3 Nephi 12:38).

The new law required:

But I say unto you, that ye shall not resist evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also . . . . And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain . . . . And behold it is written also, that thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy; But behold I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you; That ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good. Therefore those things which were of old time, which were under the law, in me are all fulfilled. Old things are done away and all things have become new. Therefore I would that ye should be perfect even as I, or your Father who is in heaven is perfect (3 Nephi 12:39, 41, 43-48).

Jesus further states:

Verily, verily, I say that I would that ye should do alms unto the poor; but take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father who is in heaven (3 Nephi 13:1).

That thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father who seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly. And when thou prayest thou shalt not do as the hypocrites, for they love to pray, standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret; and thy Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly (3 Nephi 13:4-6).

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal; But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also (3 Nephi 13:19-21).

No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other,

or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon (3 Nephi 13:24).

Importance of Spirituality

In this sermon to the Nephites, Christ points out that materialism is made to serve spirituality; it is never an end in itself. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (3 Nephi 13:33), Jesus promised.

Jesus calls censorious persons hypocrites, and classifies them as worse than the people they criticize.

And now it came to pass that when Jesus had spoken these words he turned again to the multitude, and did open his mouth unto them again, saying: Verily, verily, I say unto you, Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considereth not the beam that is in thine own eye? . . . . Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye (3 Nephi 14:1-3, 5).

The Golden Rule

Jesus explained his readiness to bless mankind:

Ask, and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened (3 Nephi 14:7-8).

Jesus then gave the golden rule: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets" (3 Nephi 14:12). Notice that this rule makes Christianity a positive religion rather than a negative one. It inculcates active benevolence. Jesus also warns us to:

Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? (3 Nephi 14:15-16).

Finally, Jesus urged men to activate the doctrines he taught in their own lives. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven" (3 Nephi 14:21). And he closed the sermon with the parable of the man who built his house upon the sand and the man who built his house upon the rock, emphasizing the need for applying gospel truths to our lives. Jesus was interested in life service to humanity; not lip service. The urgent words of the Lord to Moses are apropos:

These words which I command you this day, shall be in your heart, and you shall meditate upon them, sitting in your house and walking on your journey, sleeping and rising.

Questions and Topics for Discussion

1. Are we applying the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount today?

2. How does the sermon in The Book of Mormon differ from the one in the Bible? Give instances where Christ points out the need for correcting practices.

3. How does this account of Christ's appearance and teachings strengthen your testimony?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 40—". . . For Behold, Ye Are Free; Ye Are Permitted to Act For Yourselves; For Behold, God Hath Given Unto You a Knowledge and He Hath Made You Free" (Helaman 14:30).

Edith S. Elliott

For Tuesday, May 1, 1956

Objective: To show that free agency is an eternal gift.

THERE was never any other intent by our Heavenly Father than that man should be free to act for himself. The whole plan of salvation encompasses this premise. Throughout scriptural history we read about the fruits of freedom and the curse of bondage.

In the Book of Helaman, we read how Nephi exhorted the people to turn from their selfish ways and live the gospel of Jesus Christ and be ready for his coming. He also reminded them that they each had their free agency. In all of our relations with our Father in heaven, he has made it clear that we are at liberty to choose our mode of behavior.

In our everyday lives it is the divine gift of freedom that we must cherish. Unless we guard this precious gift we will be subjects for enslavement by the power of darkness in both our spiritual and temporal conduct.

We have all seen the dwarfing effects of apathy and indifference to a worthy project. These factors court decay of the will to do, to act, to think, to initiate, to be free. They are indeed a form of enslavement.

Let us be aware of entangling influences and cast them aside; rather let us choose our Heavenly Father's plan. He has given us a knowledge that under any circumstance our will to do is free. Matthew Arnold's explanation is:

> Yet the will is free; strong is the soul and wise, and beautiful; The seeds of God-like power are in us still. Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes, if we will (*Courage*, page 12).

To enjoy the liberties with which we are so blessed, we must respect the rights of others. We do not need to indulge our fellow man to the point of losing our own freedom and self-respect, nor should we be selfish to the point of forcing our will upon another. Understanding, compassion, and truth are foundations for peaceful relations one with another.

It is only through freedom and liberty that we can develop our God-given talents and enjoy the opportunity to choose our way of life, and we should do so, with judgment, intelligence, and honor, for our Heavenly Father has given us the knowledge.

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 8—Salads

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, May 8, 1956

SALADS have been accorded an undisputed place of importance on the family menu, and at many social functions where food is served. Reasons for their popularity are many. Salads made from fresh fruits and vegetables add color, eye appeal, and texture contrast to many meals that otherwise would be too soft and lacking in color for appetite appeal. In this weight-watching age, they satisfy the appetite with a minimum of calories—unless there is an over-use of rich dressing.

Preparing Salads

Since the success of many salads depends upon crispness and freshness, every precaution should be taken in their preparation to preserve these qualities. Always cut salad foods with a very sharp knife so they will not have that "overhandled" look.

There are certain basic principles of salad-making and service that apply to all kinds of mixed salads.

1. Cut pieces up small enough so they may be easily eaten, but large enough so the identity of each kind of food used is not lost.

2. When combining two or more different kinds of fruits or vegetables for a salad, try for color, flavor, form, and texture contrast, as well as harmony.

3. Plan the ingredients for your salad and the salad dressing along with everything else on the menu so that when the meal is served there will be a perfect balance of all the essentials of a well-planned meal.

4. Unless served only in minute amounts, never duplicate ingredients used in a salad in other parts of the meal.

5. Let simplicity guide you in your salad making. A salad that gives the appearance of having been worked over is seldom attractive.

6. Never let any part of a salad extend beyond the edge of the plate. To do so gives the plate an overloaded, careless appearance.

Salad Dressing

Salad dressings are of three main types — French, mayonnaise, and cooked salad dressing. The early Romans are credited with being the first to use salad dressing. It consisted of oil and vinegar. The French added eggs and seasoning to it and called it mayonnaise. The American housewives initiated the use of boiled salad dressing. Today there is almost no limit to the number of variations of French dressing alone. This is the simplest to make and most widely used dressing.

Tossed Salads

In some ways tossed salads are like little boys. Most everyone loves them, and if you want them to be nice and fresh looking for the dinner party, put the "dressing" on

them the last minute. They'll both lose their chief charm by becoming "limp" if you don't.

Have the ingredients for a tossed salad fresh, cold, crisp, and dry, and have the dressing ready to put on it just as soon as the vegetables are prepared. A tossed salad is improved by giving it a preliminary coating of oil. About one tablespoonful of salad oil will coat a medium-sized head of lettuce. Toss it until every leaf is completely coated with oil, then follow up with the dressing, usually French or one of its variations, and toss until it is distributed over all the greens. If the salad is mixed on this principle it will stay crisp.

It is unwise to add cut-up tomatoes to a tossed salad, as their juices thin the dressing. Instead, cut them in vertical wedges as they bleed less that way, season them in a separate bowl if you wish, then add them to the salad bowl as a garnish. The flavor of all vegetables, excluding salad greens, is improved by mixing them with French dressing and allowing them to stand for at least one half hour in a cold place. Place the seasoned vegetables on the salad greens. They may or may not be mixed in with them.

Most of us do not begin to exhaust the variety of vegetables that are delicious in tossed salads. Bite-size flowerettes broken from a head of cauliflower or broccoli, shredded raw beets or turnips, tender leaves of spinach, and raw peas, are a few of the delicious but seldom used salad vegetables.

Fruit Salads

Make fruit salads to be served with the main course light and simple. The citrus fruits and other acid fruits are most appropriate. If you use sweet, soft, canned fruits, combine them with fresh fruits or something crisp, such as celery. Drain canned fruits well, so there will be no juice on the salad plate and the dressing will not become diluted.

Molded Salads

Molded salads are convenient because they demand little last-minute attention. Make the gelatin mixture just firm enough to hold the other ingredients together. Select a flavor that compliments but never dominates the flavor of the other ingredients used.

Variations in Salads

Main course salads usually consist of a protein food and fruits or vegetables blended together with one of the heavier dressings. If lettuce is used, add it only after other ingredients have been combined and just before the salad is to be served.

Hot dressing salads may be served either as a salad or as a vegetable. Hot potato salad dressing is usually made of bacon fat, vinegar, and seasonings. Luncheon-type meat, cheese, or boiled eggs may be added before or after the dressing. A simple hot dressing made of vinegar, eggs, sour cream, and seasonings, gives a pleasing variety to cabbage salad.

A bed for a salad need not always be lettuce. Shredded cabbage, watercress, tender leaves of spinach,

shredded carrots, endive, or other salad greens, make attractive backgrounds as well as flavorful accompaniments to salads.

Make a habit of using a variety of salad dressings as well as salad combinations and meal-planning will always be a creative experience to look forward to.

Suggestions for a Demonstration

Prepare a variety of salads to demonstrate the principles of salad making.

Note the supplementary material to this lesson in the article "Salads for Health and Beauty," by Rhea H. Gardner, on page 108 of this issue of *The Relief Society Magazine.*

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 56—Review of English Literature

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England,* Volumes I and II, Woods, Watt, Anderson)

For Tuesday, May 15, 1956

Objective: To remind and surprise ourselves at how much we have forgotten and remembered.

Note: This lesson will be most effective, it is believed, if the program of review is followed by using eight participants, as recommended by Brother Jacobs. The general board does not approve of women dressing as men; however, the eight sisters who read the excerpts might be dressed as women in the dress of the respective periods, and have before them the writing materials used at that particular time to lend atmosphere to the presentation.

SHORTLY before his death in 901 A.D., Alfred the Great, King of the West Saxons and one of the brightest torches in England's history, wrote the following: "He seems to me a very foolish man, and very wretched, who will not increase his understanding while he is alive." Earlier, Socrates (469-399 B.C.) had written that "surely knowledge is the food of the soul," while later Francis Bacon (1561-1626) tells us that "whatever deserves to exist deserves also to be known, for *knowledge is the image of existence* and things mean and splendid exist alike" (my underscore). Likewise we are commanded in the Bible, ". . . with all thy getting get understanding" (Prov. 4:7) and in the Doctrine and Covenants ". . . teach one another . . . in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God . . ." (D. & C. 88:77, 78).

How humbly we stand before these great words, how full is our gratitude for membership in the Church whose restoring Prophet taught that "A man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge" (*D. H. C.* IV, 588). How grateful for membership in the Relief So-

ciety, which bolsters its belief in intelligence as God's glory in one way by leading its members each study-month to "the best that has been thought and said in the world."

Through the past seven years of readings and discussions in English Literature, we have opened many doors, yet, rarely, have we squeezed inside more than a toe or a hand—once or twice a head, almost. Probably a normal reaction might be to classify these seven years as an apprentice period which has served to define the outer limits of our scope, but now we should really begin to master this material which we know but casually. To such thorough and willing initiates we should point out that, by its very nature, this course was never meant to be anything but introductory. If our study has given pleasure in the search and the sharing; if it has stimulated our sisters to love the best enough to search for it both within *and beyond* the bounds of our outline, then nothing has been in vain.

Three Goals Attained

But though we have not accomplished all, which was never our aim, still we have nibbled at three goals, at least. Nothing broadens like travel, whether in time or space. In our travels back through time *we have come to know a vast array of men and women from all walks of life.* Because we have become acquainted with them through their most intimate hopes and fears and beliefs, as couched in their own carefully weighed words, we may possibly know their real selves better than did their non-reading contemporaries.

Each of these writers has, in turn, *led us personally* by the hand past labyrinths of obscurity, pettiness, bombast, and insincerity; past mountains of evidence both pertinent and inconsequential, *to face those conflicts and hopes which were central to himself and his age.* Our survey has thus enabled us to peel back the layers of peoples, customs, ambitions, and fears which have been laid up, then scrambled together, to form England through the centuries.

Finally, by bringing us to know all sorts of men and cultures through time, *our survey has provided the basis for comparing one reality, one writer with another, and most important of all, with ourselves and our present world.* The voyage into perpetual self-discovery is one of the most important we can undertake. Here, again, our survey has provided at least a launching.

Such a study of literature prolongs life by quickening and deepening it. Wise Winston Churchill defines three types of people: those who are toiled to death, those who are worried to death, and those who are bored to death. In the last two areas, so increasingly lethal today, literature gives ballast and balance and inward calm; once these are established, zest and the love of life follow.

Breaking the Time Barrier

In looking back over these seven years devoted to English literature, we must remember that, being mortal and human, and heirs to those who have preceded us, we should emphasize those values which we have in common with our brothers through time rather than those which separate us. Thanks to

the wonders of language and books, about the only barrier which separate us—time itself—can be removed at any moment by those who will bother to open a book. It sounds almost too easy.

It is Herman Melville who reminds us that "genius all over the world stands hand in hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round." Excellence knows no bounds.

Procedure

Now let us put our imaginations to work; let us annihilate time as suggested above. Since, in varying degree, each of us recognizes excellence and genius, consider, if you will, how much more apparent these high virtues must be to those who possess these attributes. Enter with us, then, if you can, a large and stately study severely plain and subdued in decor. The walls are book-lined from floor to ceiling, the room is gently lighted from high narrow windows, draped. As we face the window-slits, only one object breaks the gleam of light reflected across the polished floor: a large round table in the center of the room. Around it are eight high-backed oaken chairs spaced at regular intervals on which eight men are seated, writing. The writing materials vary —much goat and sheepskin scraped clean and dried into parchment, various grades and shapes of paper, while writing instruments vary from goose quills to steel-nib dip pens, to handmade pencils and fountain pens.

We wait for a time. The men seem unaware of our presence, writing as if in a trance, intent, dedicated. The tension of stillness is blurred only by the scratch of pen-flourishes. Still we wait. Finally, when nothing happens, slowly we approach near enough to read over a man's shoulder as he writes. It is difficult to see past his massive shoulders and full black cowl as he leans forward to his manuscript; finally we catch a glimpse of his first three lines which, translated, read:

Lo! We have listened to many a lay
Of the Spear-Danes' fame, their splendor of old,
Their mighty princes, and martial deeds!

Thus begins *Beowulf*, the oldest known writing in English. Probably first written down by this English monk, sometime around the year 1000, it was probably composed in northern England about 750.

Inasmuch as we have used our imaginations freely thus far, we cannot retract now. Therefore, let us imagine the great hall containing the round table is our hall here and now, and the eight persons seated about it are transformed into eight Relief Society sisters chosen to speak for the eight periods and the best writings of each period. Perhaps, after an introductory statement incorporating the scope and goals of our study of English literature, each of the eight might stand, declare the age she represents, then read a brief excerpt from the best writings of the age before passing the continuity on to the next period.

In preparing the introductory material or the unifying narrative, the class leader should be reminded that her functions might be compared to that of the string which connects the pearls. In this project the em-

phasis should be on the literature itself; theory and history best justify themselves, if they merely join together the various selections and then remain in the background.

It would seem that the greatest problem might be the selecting of what to read. Since the purpose of this hour is primarily one of enjoyment through participation and recollection, the class leader should recall those passages which she remembers most fondly or which she feels will be best received.

1. *The Old English Period*, 449-1066 (Text, vol. I, pp. 2-71)

From the Anglo-Saxon Invasion to the Norman Conquest

In 410 A.D. the Romans left Britain. In 428 began the Germanic invasions of England, organized more completely by Hengest and Horsa in 449. Wave after wave of Scandinavian Vikings brought constant pillage and warfare. About 850 England was conquered by the Danes and ruled by them until Alfred the Great broke their power.

The period began in barbaric paganism, with England a mysterious isle on the outer edge of civilization. Blood-guilt or murder-guilt could be removed by giving of gifts to the murdered's kin. The hero-warrior was supreme, and ties of blood were strongest. The Teutonic mind was moody, somber, and stubborn. The high virtues, as seen in *Beowulf*, were pride, personal honor, and courage, and loyalty.

In 597 Christianity was organized in southern England by St. Augustine, and by the end of the period, through the saving, perpetuating functions of the monasteries and the great love of learning of Alfred the Great, Christianity was dominant.

The reader might choose to read aloud a scene from *Beowulf* (pp. 21-56) or a selection from "The Wanderer" (page 57), "The Seafarer" (page 58), or the lovely, simple Parable of the Sparrow as found in Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* (page 64, lines 51-72).

2. *The Middle English (or Medieval) Period*, 1066-1485 (Text, vol. I, pp. 72-277)

From the Norman Conquest to the Accession of the Tudors

This period serves as the link between wild, prehistoric, and modern England. Four great influences dominate these centuries: first, the conquest of England in 1066 by William of Normandy, who made French language and literature dominant until after 1400; second, the feudal pattern of life, which preceded the English village, in which the manor of the lord or the duke was the center of life and commoners were serfs or slaves to the master, he in turn having the strongest loyalty for his lord and king; third, the ideals of chivalry — gentility toward all women, kindness, courage, fighting against wrong, but, most powerful of all, was the concept of courtly love — all these dominated the world of lords and ladies and knights. The fourth and greatest force of the age, however, was religion: the pursuit of the Holy Grail, the ten Crusades, the other worldliness of the church-dominated culture.

Yet then as now people were people. While there was violent persecution by church and state for heresy, there was healthy vigor

among the commoners, as seen in their riddles and ballads which survive to the present day, notably "Edward" (page 117), "The Two Corbies" (page 119), "Sir Patrick Spens" (page 122), "The Wife of Usher's Well" (page 124), and "Bonny Barbara Allen" (page 124). The medieval romance was popular, as in *Morte Darthur* (page 261), and *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* (page 167), and the morality play was the great artform for the people. Chaucer, by first writing in English with power, by combining almost every contemporary subject and literary form in his works, but mostly by knowing and loving his fellow humans more deeply and compassionately than almost any other English writer, is the best representative of the age. The reader might choose to read from the folk ballads, or from the immortal characterizations of knight (page 212), merchant (page 216), or prioress (page 213), as found in the Prologue (page 211) to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

3. *The Renaissance Period*, 1485-1625 (Text, vol. I, pp. 278-564)

From the Accession of the Tudors to the Death of James I.

One of the richest flowerings of the English spirit, this period produced some of its greatest literature, as seen in the King James translation of the Bible, and in the writings of Sir Francis Bacon, John Bunyan, Ben Jonson, John Donne, Robert Herrick, George Herbert, and, above all, William Shakespeare. Freed from domination by church and illiteracy, more and more Englishmen expressed the exuberance they felt as England became a great commercial nation and the reigning queen of the seas after defeating Spain in 1588. Likewise, in the discovery that man can know and understand the world about him, and even control and better his lot, the typical Rennaissance citizen believed all knowledge to be in his province, that everything "which deserves to exist deserves to be known."

It is most difficult to choose merely one or two selections from this age of our greatest poetry, but at the top of the list must appear Shakespeare's sonnets and selections from the King James Bible. Suggested sonnets are 18 (page 424), 29 (page 425), 33 (page 426), 55 (page 426), 104 (page 428), and, perhaps best known, 116 (page 428). Songs from Shakespeare's plays (pp. 429-433) contain some of the loveliest lyrics in the language. Bible selections (text, pp. 520-547) are best-known to us. Therefore, it seems rather superfluous to name one passage above another, so personal are many.

4. *The Puritan Interlude*, 1625-1660 (Text, vol. I, pp. 564-719)

From the Death of James I to the Restoration of Charles II.

The English peoples ever have been filled with fervor for right and truth and godliness. In Bunyan (page 705) and Milton (page 638) we have the two great voices of Puritanism. In majesty and poetic use of language Milton has been rivaled only by Shakespeare, while his personal intensity, his moral and spiritual integrity stand supreme. Milton the man and Milton the artist are inseparable. His one mag-

nificent protest against the Cavalier and Roman artificialities, and his ringing affirmation of man's necessary right to courage, moral, and spiritual strength, and unhampered freedom of the will—all these virtues set him apart and above from the lesser lights of English literature. And for the epic brilliance of his poetry, read from *Paradise Lost*, Book I (page 650), at will. Again, Milton's ability to write poetry of beauty and music and great inner power can be displayed by reading from *Samson Agonistes* (page 676).

5. *The Neo-Classical Period*, 1660-1784 (Text, vol. I, pp. 720-1131)

The Neo-Classical movement arose as a reaction against both the laxness of Cavalier literary and moral standards, and the rigorous severities of the Puritans. It was an age of skepticism, order, reason. A classical symmetry pervaded literature, music, architecture, and landscape gardening. It was by this same ordering of nature by which the ancient Greek and Roman writers had achieved their unrivaled excellence in structure and form. Neo-Classical writers followed the classical unities of time, place, and action, not in blind adherence to rule, but because they felt they must, since by following the ancients, they best followed nature and reason.

Wit, reason, balance, restraint—these qualities predominate in the writings of Dryden (page 768), Addison and Steel (page 885), Pope (page 973), Goldsmith (page 1023), Johnson (page 1043), and, in a lesser degree but tinged with a more bitter satire, in Swift (page 910).

Perhaps the fairest representative of this period is Alexander Pope, a brilliant craftsman and writer rather than a great one. For power over language, for skill in manipulating the metrical line to fit his needs, for music and wit and brilliance and finish, read excerpts from Epistle II, "An Essay on Man" (page 999). If you desire something of lesser intensity, read a passage from Addison or Steele.

This concludes excerpts from volume I.

6. *The Romantic Period*, 1760-1832 (Text, vol. II, pp. 1-397)

Just as the pendulum swung far to one side in Neo-Classicism as it opposed earlier patterns, so emerging Romanticism swung just as far in the opposite direction in reaction against what it considered the excesses of Neo-Classicism. The previous period had been of the head; emerging Romanticism was of the heart, the emotions, the imagination. While Neo-Classicism had been a sophisticated literary movement designed to appeal to the rich, noble, intellectual, and leisurely classes, Romanticism gave a body to the new forces of democracy: It believed passionately in the individual, in freedom, in beauty, love, and nature.

The mature Romantic Movement began in the works of William Wordsworth (page 118), and Samuel Taylor Coleridge (page 163), but these two writers were prefaced and surrounded by a group of lesser Romantics: James Thomson (page 32), William Collins (page 66), Thomas Gray (page 46), William Cowper (page 73), Robert Burns (page 83), William

Blake (page 111), Charles Lamb (page 337), and William Hazlitt (page 360). The great Romantics, in addition to Wordsworth and Coleridge, were Sir Walter Scott (page 190), Lord Byron (page 200), Percy Bysshe Shelley (page 248), and John Keats (page 273). To decide which *one* or which *two* should be read is about as difficult as choosing arbitrarily which star in the summer heavens is the brightest. Here, as throughout this review, the teacher is encouraged to choose that which is richest and best for her and her class. Likewise, I can name those I know and love best (which really proves nothing for others): Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" (page 184), Byron's "She Walks in Beauty" (page 205), "The Prisoner of Chillon" (page 207), "So We'll Go No More A-Roving" (page 224); Shelley's "Ozymandias" (page 253), "Ode to the West Wind" (page 255), "To a Skylark" (page 258), "To Night" (page 261); Keats' "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" (page 275), "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (page 281), "To Autumn" (page 291), "Bright Star! Would I Were Steadfast as Thou Art" (page 292).

7. *The Victorian Period*, 1832-1880 (Text, vol. II, pp. 399-839)

During Victoria's reign England became "big business" in world-wide commerce and imperialism, and in manufacturing and scientific progress at home. With the widespread use of power tools and engines to save labor and to shrink the globe like a wrinkled apple; with man's conquest of plague and pain, many idealistic Englishmen came to believe that the perfection of the Ideal Man was to be attained here and now. Others saw the worship of success and wealth as a passion which seriously endangered the English spirit. As England became wealthier, at the same time some of her peoples became poorer; this contrast between extremes hurt. Likewise painful and confusing was the wavering between faith and doubt, which had been brought to an issue as new scientific thought conflicted with apostolic, traditional religious views.

The great writers of this period dealt more nearly with the problems of our own day: Matthew Arnold (page 527), Tennyson, (page 593), Dickens (page 424), Macaulay (page 427), the Brownings (pp. 655 and 709), the Brontes, (Emily, page 716), Thomas Carlyle (page 464), Ruskin (page 501), the Rossettis (pp. 783 and 748). "The spirit moveth where it listeth," and likewise each teacher whose responsibility asks that she choose one representative from this period can only select the one who speaks to her and her group most forcibly.

8. *The Break With Victorianism*, 1880-1914 (Text, vol. II, pp. 841-1009)

Fading Traditions and New Patterns

In this period, even more near, the problems, hopes, and confusions of our own day, and many of the clashes of the Victorian Period are intensified; also there emerges the tendency to refuse entirely to acknowledge problems and to seek various avenues of escape. This age, like our own, contains within itself

sample forces and philosophies and literary trends which represent almost every value and trend in English Literature since the Renaissance. It is almost like counting off our own family as we list the period's voices: Victorian Humorists (pp. 826-839), George Eliot, Stevenson (pp. 874, 934), Synge (page 1002), Kipling (page 896), Housman (page 909), Masefield (page 927), Henley (page 863), and Hardy (page 918). Again, choose as you will, but to me Hardy's "In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'" (page 926), might be one possible choice.

This "voyage into self-discovery" is now at an end. We have met ourselves in many mirrors, as we have seen our opposites. We have "weighed and considered" a great wealth of human wisdom and art and life. May this study now serve as provocation to further reading and growth, rather than an attained reward fulfilled at the present moment. May you invite these men constantly into your homes and into your own hearts, to stimulate and challenge and exalt. After all "How can I learn save from him who is my friend?" In this re-examination and review may you have found many friends who sustain and challenge your better self.

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 21—The Fruits of Freedom

Elder Albert R. Bowen

For Tuesday, May 22, 1956

Objective: To show that the growth and development of the United States were made possible and are the direct result of the institutions of freedom established by the Constitution.

Love and Respect for Constitution

FOR the past three years during which time the Constitution of the United States has been the subject of study and discussion, the wisdom of its framers has been referred to on many occasions. The greatness of the document itself has been the subject of frequent comment, and we have also pointed out its sources, history, and the way in which it has worked as the framework of our Government. Above all else, we have lauded this great charter of our liberty as the guardian of freedom and the guarantor of justice to all having the good fortune to live under its influence. We come now to the conclusion of this study, and it is hoped that there has been reaffirmed in the heart of every member of the Relief Society, a love and respect for the Constitution, coupled with a deeper appreciation and understanding of its

great and indispensable value to us, and our children, and our children's children.

Love of country and patriotism is the common attitude of nearly all Americans, and this is especially true of Latter-day Saints. It was not supposed when this course of study was decided upon that the women of the Relief Society needed any serious urging to love of country and of our free institutions. All this was taken for granted. Intimate study and the refreshing of recollection of the things we were taught as children in school concerning the United States, must surely enhance and strengthen our patriotic sentiments and make us resolve to be better Americans, better citizens, and cause us to acknowledge the goodness of God in providing for our progress and happiness a form of Government which no other people on earth have the good fortune to enjoy.

Fruits of the Constitution

Long ago it was pointed out that the test of a man, of a teaching, of an idea presented as a truth, can be judged by the actions of the man or the product of the idea or teaching. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

What are the fruits of the Constitution? For one-hundred and sixty-seven years we in the United States have lived under it. By now it should be apparent whether it has produced a good fruit. We should be able, now, to judge if men are better off living under such a system of Government as it provides, or if there is a better system under which men can prosper more. We should judge if there is a better system under which men can realize, to a fuller extent, their legitimate hopes and aspirations and, while doing so, enjoy the freedom and liberty which is so essential and indispensable to happiness. We all of us know the answer. The Constitution of the United States is the greatest charter of Government ever devised in the history of mankind.

In America we live under a system commonly called the "Free Enterprise System." We refer to our national life as the "American Way." What are the distinctive features of this system?

Freedom of Choice

It is fundamental to the American system that men are entitled to freedom of choice. Freedom to choose where to live, what occupation or calling to follow, for whom to work, whom to hire, and when. The result of this freedom of choice has been the building of an economic system entirely unique and far more successful and productive than exists anywhere else on the face of the earth.

Right to Own Property

Closely allied to freedom of choice under the American system, and equally as important, is that the right to own property is recognized and protected. What a man legitimately and lawfully acquires belongs to him. In spite of the fact that many feel rebellious at the tremendous sums which are siphoned off by Government in the form of taxes, which have reached oppressive proportions, the right to own property is recognized and protected. It was an absolute truth in years gone by and would be an

absolute truth today, except for our deep involvement in terribly costly world politics. This situation is not the fault of the American system, but is partly the result of the dangerous times in which we live, and, in part, due to the pursuit of unwise policies which have made governmental expenditures needlessly high. But after all of our complaints and dissatisfactions are voiced, we still, in the United States, control our private destinies and may use what is ours for any lawful purpose which we select.

Free Rein to Private Enterprise

The basic and fundamental philosophy of Government under the Constitution, even today with its many controls exercised over the economic life of the citizens, is to permit free rein to private initiative. Most Government controls over farmer, businessman, or industry have been brought about either to curb selfish and ruthless practices, or because of the selfish demands of special groups for special favor. Our national life would be healthier and more prosperous without such controls or special favors, but so long as there are those who refuse to live by the rules of conscience, part of our potential strength will be diverted into unproductive channels.

Accomplishments Under the Free Enterprise System

In spite of acknowledged faults and defects, what has free enterprise accomplished in America?

One of the most dramatic, if not indeed the most dramatic illustration of the effect of the free enterprise system upon the United States, is seen in the awe-inspiring changes which have occurred in the economic conditions under which we live. Another and equally dramatic illustration of this same effect is the manner in which the work of our country is done now contrasted with the way in which it was done at the beginning of our history. Discussing the latter first, it is a fact that until the Civil War more than one half of the work energy required to accomplish this work was supplied by the muscle and brawn of men and animals. It has been estimated that by 1960 less than two and one half per cent of this work energy will come from those sources. In the meantime, the machine has taken over and, by the use and application of the energy supplied by coal, petroleum, and electricity, the work of our country is done in almost one half the time required at the beginning of the Civil War. The average work week then was about seventy hours; it is now forty-three. This change from the use of animal and human energy to machines has made the United States an industrial giant, changing her from a rural agricultural Nation to the position of leading the remainder of the world in output and production.

While this change to industrialization has occurred, the productivity of the workman has continually gone up until today a worker in about one half the time produces about five times as much as the same workman was able to produce a hundred years ago. In 1850 the average worker produced about twenty-seven cents worth of goods per hour. He now produces one

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dollar and forty cents worth of goods per hour.

Not only is this true but, in addition, there has been a net increase in the output of goods and services which is twenty-nine times greater than it was in 1850. This has been done with the expenditure of much less time and with a population which has increased only six times in the same period.

Improved Condition of Worker in the United States

Let us now consider for a moment the effect all this change has had upon the worker. We have already mentioned the number of hours which he worked. By 1900 the average work week was about sixty hours. It was six days a week, ten hours per day. In terms of wages it has been estimated that women workers probably did not average more than $280 per year. The wages of unskilled workers was about $400 per year. This figure has steadily risen so that now the average worker at constant dollar values earns twice as much as he did twenty-five years ago. Twenty-five years ago, two-thirds of American families did not have sufficient to meet normal requirements for basic necessities. Now two-thirds of American families enjoy a surplus over and above such needs. The free enterprise system has enormously increased the wealth of America. New inventions and technologies have led to the creation of whole new industries. Let us take the automobile for an example. This invention is directly responsible for the growth of the rubber industry, the building of super-highways, the stimulus to the use of petroleum

products, which is responsible for the oil and gas industry. This is only one example. This same process has been repeated countless times in other industries.

Alleviation of Need and Hunger

Finally America has provided the laboratory demonstration of what can be accomplished to relieve human suffering and need and has given the emphatic denial to the theory of Malthus who postulated that the world is destined always to know hunger and privation; that population increase in any country will ever keep ahead of the ability of the world to supply its basic requirements of food and energy. This theory was propounded near the end of the eighteenth century and, based upon the past history of the world at that time, seemed conclusively true. The American system has demonstrated the seemingly paradoxical truth that by the application of modern technology, nations may increase their productivity far in excess of population increases.

In all the history of the past, the vast majority of human beings have lived and died in poverty and slavery. It was not until the advent of America that this tragic trend in human existence was reversed.

Material and Spiritual Progress

As great and necessary as the vast changes and betterments in the economic sense undeniably are, there are even more important values which have accrued to us as Americans as a fruit of freedom under the Constitution.

The fruits of freedom have produced in the United States, to the extent not known before, an attitude of mind and spirit which has added immeasureably to the value of the human personality. The great pronouncements of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution in recognition of human rights have been, in no small measure, responsible for the growth of the United States. Lofty ideals and noble sentiments must inevitably produce their effect, if believed and practiced until they become a part of the society in which they find recognition and acceptance. Ideals of liberty and freedom may not have had their origin in this country—but here they have taken deep root and have become strong and vigorous.

In this atmosphere the spirit of men has found nourishment. Men have been encouraged to dream great dreams and to accomplish—knowing that their efforts would not be destroyed nor thwarted by other men nor by a government unfriendly to individual initiative.

Eight Reasons for Growth and Development

In conclusion, the following eight reasons are submitted as controlling in the growth and development of America into the greatest Nation the world has ever known:

1. Great natural resources
2. A plentiful labor supply
3. Surplus capital
4. Great demand for manufactured goods and services encouraging and stimulating the growth of industry and business
5. Labor-saving devices and machinery
6. Cheap transportation
7. Friendly Government, leaving economic development largely in private hands

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8. The non-existence of tariffs and barriers to trade in a vast territory permitting the free movement of goods and trade from state to state.

Of all the foregoing, by far the most important is number seven. Without that friendly Government, the other factors would never have had full scope and opportunity to affect the growth of the United States. The Constitution forms the background of that Government, and without it, it is inconceivable that the United States would ever have become what it is today.

We all have a great stake in America. Our well-being and happiness and that of our children depend upon the preservation of her ideals and institutions. The United States can endure as long as her people retain those ideals and institutions and so long as the people of the United States are imbued with moral sense and courage and live righteously the principles laid down as the conditions for her continued existence.

In Conclusion

The fruits of freedom are concrete and real. At the conclusion of this three-year study of the Constitution of the United States of America, every Relief Society woman should be keenly aware of the rights and privileges which the Constitution guarantees. She should have no doubt about it being a divinely inspired document, framed by wise men ". . . raised up unto this very purpose . . ." by the Lord (D. & C. 101:80).

Every Relief Society member should be reverently grateful for the privilege of living where the blessings of freedom may be enjoyed

daily and where she has the voting franchise so that she may use her influence in preserving these freedoms. Moreover, she should feel that she has a definite *responsibility* to assist in the safeguarding of the Constitution. She should demonstrate this feeling of responsibility by going to the polls on each election day to cast her individual vote. She should be aware of her opportunity to further the cause of freedom by speaking constructively of the Constitution, and should endeavor to keep herself alert to, at least, the major issues confronting the Government. Last, but by no means least, she should avail herself, as a Latter-day Saint mother, of every opportunity to instill in her children and maintain in her home, a love and respect for the Constitution of the United States, and an appreciation for life in this choice and promised land.

Questions on the Lesson

1. What is the prevailing economic system in America?
2. What does "free enterprise" or the "American Way" mean?
3. Are property rights important? Why?
4. What is the attitude of Government in America towards private initiative? Is this the correct attitude? Why?
5. What has been the effect of the "free enterprise system" in the United States? Upon the individual? Upon the creation of a strong Nation?
6. In what other country prior to the Constitution were conditions comparable to the United States since the Constitution was adopted?
7. What has been the most important result of freedom under the Constitution?
8. Name the factors which have made the United States the greatest Nation the world has ever seen?
9. Which has been the most important?

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A welcome at our door,
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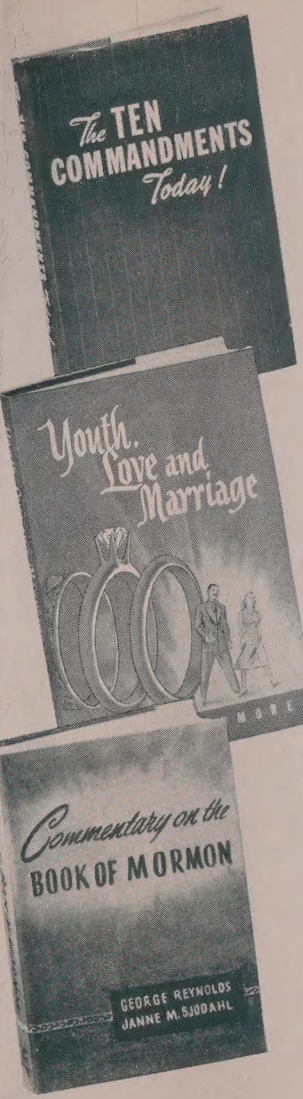

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